

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

### Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1021.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1836.

PRICE 8d.  
Stamped Edition, 1s.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Oriental Historical Manuscripts in the Tamil Language; Translated, with Annotations, by William Taylor, Missionary. With Appendix. 2 vols. 4to. Madras, 1835.*

THE attention of the world has been more and more directed of late towards the east, not only in a commercial, but literary point of view; and the work before us, though marked by omissions, and full of imperfections, errors, superficialities, mistaken facts, and untenable inferences; though ill-judged, ill-digested, ill-arranged, teeming with irrelevance,—now doubting how far a Christian missionary may proceed beyond his “one book” for general purposes,—and now, making the experiment in earnest, and against a particular writer, in a style that shews his opinions of civility and civilisation are at best questionable;—yet, with all this, containing so much of labour and earnestness, and so much of honesty in spirit; such numerous slight but important facts therein “like pearls at random strung;” such minute and anxious inquiries; and such candidly avowed errors of judgment,—that we are content to travel on his own way with the worthy missionary, and perhaps like him better for his very fault of hastiness.

The Tamil is the language of the kingdom of Madura, the southern extremity of the peninsula of Hindustan, called of old, Pandiyan-mandalam by the natives—the Pandionis-regio of Ptolemy. It was founded, our author concludes, from his MSS. and other calculations, 1500 B.C.; but, strangely enough, these calculations occur only at the 135th page of the first volume: whilst, in introducing the reader to his subject, at the beginning of the book, he designedly reverses the order of history, by a slight sketch of two pages, up to A.D. 1323. Nothing can be more irregular or unsatisfactory than this, “his best mode of proceeding,” and the dozen following lines, fully prepare us for being, as we are, left in the dark 1000 years B.C. in the fabulous period, where this “history made uneasy” stops. We must, however, in justice, notice a correction of Robertson and Colonel Wilford, in a passage of Pliny, who infers that the ambassador from Taprobana to Rome, in the time of Claudius, meant by the Seres, with whom his countrymen traded, the Chinese. “The Hindus,” says our author, “usually called China, Sina-desam, and never Sera-desam, Sera being the name of one of the Madura tribes.”

Our author notices the brevity of his materials; but the same brevity exists, he observes, in the ancient records of every nation. We doubt not that their writers set down all they knew with certainty, or at least all that they deemed the curiosity of future generations would require. They could not, in truth, calculate that the traces of the living should pass so soon into dust, and their very existence become a question to their own posterity. The brevity of the narrative, therefore, is in favour of authenticity; but, however we might feel disposed to admit this, and even frequently to be grateful for conciseness, we must remember little has as yet appeared from these native sources; and we should require good evidence

before determining on the true value and validity of that little. In all Hindu records there is much absurdity. *Ex. gr.*

The European reader may be glad to find a new measure of time, when watches and clocks fail, from the introductory section. “The time of winking the eye is one moment;” and this, multiplied successively by 15, 30, 30, and 30 (intervening terms), is equal to 1 day, *i. e.* we guess, 405,000 winks: we may have nodded in calculating, but the experiment is easy. Again, 360 years of men, by the same reckoning, make 1 year of the gods; and 4,320,000,000 years of men, make the bright half of Bramah’s day; as many more are required for the dark half: “30 of these make a month; 12 months a year; and 180 of these years is Bramah’s flood;” or, more probably, his life. With so much time on their hands, the gods were not idle. They resorted to various “amusements” and “diversions,” as Mr. Taylor renders the Tamil word, which we should, without a pun, call *pastimes*. These are of a mixed character; as, calling forth the Ganges, drying up the sea, dancing on one leg, giving an exhausting purse, changing mercury into gold, teaching sacred meditations, transforming horses to jackals, and *vice versa*; carrying mud, imparting spiritual knowledge, giving instruction to the little black bird, giving milk to young pigs, and making the young pigs ministers of state! In this last godlike act, Mr. Taylor seriously declares he does not perceive any wisdom.

The acts of the kings are much of the same cast: one of them “gave some of his own villages for the purpose of establishing the ceremony of putting the god and goddess to bed, and rocking them in a cradle at midnight.” Another, having offended a Brahmin, by way of atonement, “set out, without state, not even walking, but passing over the intervening distance, by rolling over his body on the ground.” The missionary relates hereupon, that he himself once saw, near Madura, the same ceremony performed by a Sudra, and that a professor of the art (probably the same person), “actually supported himself by performing this penance, as a proxy for others.”

We find, in this farrago of absurdities, some slight coincidences to the Greek mythos. The god slaying the serpent; a mountain used for a weapon, in gigantic warfare; metamorphoses for licentious objects; contests of music with mortals, &c.; but, if the Greeks really retained and embellished some oriental fables, we have a deep debt of gratitude to pay them for what they must have rejected.

Whatever may have been the merits of some, and those probably the earlier Brahmins, upon certain points, we cannot but feel abhorrence at the whole system, as concealing knowledge from the lower classes—a system, probably, arising from the same source as the Elensinian and Bacchic mysteries; the words used in the former, as we now have them, being decidedly eastern. The *Θεομυστήρια*, too, or festival of Ceres, as establishing laws, bears a more than incidental resemblance to the festival of Pentecost, or wheat-harvest, established in memory of the law given from Sinai, and similarly

named in Hebrew.\* It is clear that the later Brahmins have carried this principle of concealment to the highest point of abuse in every possible shape. The constitution, and, still more, the conflicting passions and interests of the Grecian states, prevented similar results to them from the adopted system, by confining the priests within certain limits, while war and conquest, as well as commerce, excited, from the earliest periods, the highest aims of the general mind. The priests, however able, and however vicious, could never, therefore, obtain that mastery which their brethren exercised in the east; where, if we are to believe our author, the native princes were unaddicted, in the earliest ages, to war; and where, consequently, the priesthood (who, we suspect from the name, overpowered the *Chattrya*, or military class) had ample leisure to disseminate their atrocious doctrines. The subject is old, yet deserves repeatedly dwelling upon, for other purposes than merely abolition, as we trust hereafter to render it historically important: meantime, we must observe, that the same horrors and the same presumption characterise the class in every narrative of every part of the country they cursed with their presence and sway. Thus we find in these MSS. incest and parricide, in Brahmins, absolved by bathing and giving cows grass; and good sovereigns annually giving jewels to holy shrines, whence they were regularly stolen, without inquiry on the giver’s part; while the smallest omission of a rite, however trifling, such as taking the betel, to chew, with the left hand, by inadvertence, could only be expiated in the other classes, of whatever rank the parties, by the most costly presents to the Brahmins. A population of fishermen, destitute of these privileged guides, selected some from their own class; and, though the latter appear to have acted wisely in their office, the privileged sect overran the province, and degraded these unfortunates to the class of Sudra, or infamous, which, it seems, they are accounted to this day. A circumstance we do not recollect to have seen before, may be quoted here. “A pilgrimage to Benares was, and perhaps is, a frequent custom.” These generally would be undertaken by the wealthy; and “we reflect,” says our author, “on the possibility of collusion between collateral relatives and Brahmins, and between Brahmins of different temples, by means of the sacred language, unknown to the vulgar; so that Pausanian letters, sealing the pilgrim’s fate, might be carried by himself. The writer of these remarks was told by Dr. Young, who accompanied Bishop Turner to Madras, that, from personal observation, he had no manner of doubt of Benares being a great slaughterhouse, or that numerous lives of pilgrims were every year sacrificed by the Brahmins, in order to get at their property.” He adds, “A slow reception may be possibly given to such an opinion; but how fatal pilgrimages often are to pilgrims, needs not, at this time of day, any fuller exposure.” Those who have witnessed the immense crowds, amply verifying, and exceeding, Bishop Heber’s description, that choke

\* See *Spanheim*.

that city of shrines to a degree utterly inconceivable in Europe, may well believe the statement, even if heard for a first time, which is not the case. An infinity of facts collected and narrated by a relative of our own, long resident there, place the matter beyond doubt, and call loudly for the intervention of government.

In these MSS. the northern mythology, no less than the Greek, finds a prototype; the great serpent recalling that of Midgard, and the insatiable dwarf the tale of Thor and the Giant. If any sense can be made out of such materials, we would suggest one solution of our author's, viz., that the prince who found the precious philosopher's stone, and fixed his residence near it, because it was immovable, concealed the discovery of the diamond mines. We would also offer, for whatever it might be worth, an elucidation of the mania for alchemy; derived, like all our wisdom, and most of our folly, from the East. A poor woman, anxious to make a statue of gold to Siva, is directed to melt all the metal vessels she possessed. They who are familiar with "Birmingham ware," a mixture of sweepings from all metals, will not be surprised to learn that gold (or a gold colour) was produced. Vulgar ignorance would ratify the miracle, and cupidity believe, and essay transmutation.

We turn now to some considerations on the creation, which, however misplaced and ingenious, are not orthodox. We are, indeed, surprised to find a Christian minister admitting the translation of the second verse in Genesis, as possibly correct, thus — "A strong wind passed over the surface of the deep." We freely admit that the *רוח אלהים* might likewise mean the wind of God, or the strong wind; the term *אלהים*, or, of God, being also employed for magnitude or might, in the Hebrew, as "the mountains of God," "the cedars of God," &c.; and its equivalent is used in Arabic to this day, to signify, not merely might, but heavenly, in our enlarged sense of the term. The spirit of God, or breath of God, is, in the former sense, the *Brimh* of Hindustan, and the *Intelligence* of the Desator; creative, in the second, as the *λογος*; represented by the Zend Avesta as *Ohnover*, or the *Word*, produced by *Ormuzd*; evidently, by all, *Essential Deity*. Granting, therefore, that *mighty wind* is a correct rendering of the first words, yet how can we agree, or how could Mr. Taylor, to *passing over*. It may be truly rendered by *that which acts efficiently*, but not, we contend, by locomotiveness here; the root distinctly negatives such a version; and it must be taken in combination with *by*, which, even if to be read as *along*, it is only in the sense of *expansion*, *gently spreading out*. The sense in Hebrew, ever depending on the combination and collocation more than in any other language we have met with, gives us rather the idea of *operating powerfully by impregnation*; precisely the brooding of Milton; it is thus the *Narayana*, or existing essence of the Brahmins; nor can we consent either to deriving it from the Tamil, nor to the *motive* sense given of this Tamil derivation itself. The English "moved upon," and not "over," is the exact Hebrew meaning.\* We dwell upon this passage the more, since, as is evident from our preceding remarks, it is the first essential de-

parture of the Orientals from the Christian acceptance, and the source of their errors.

If we differ thus from Mr. Taylor, we must differ from him still more in his appreciation of Sir William Jones. With every due respect for the great and varied attainments of the latter, we strongly question his profundity on many points. In his Hindu hymns, as in all his poetical versions that ever fell to our lot to examine, we do not hesitate to declare him systematically unfaithful to his originals, whom he resembles far less than Pope does Homer. To call them translations is an insult to the originals, to learning, and to literature. He has "painted" even the Persian "lily."

We are sorry we cannot pay a higher compliment to our author's poetry, though we arrive at its Castalian springs, after a long and dry discussion; which, curious in parts though it may be, is yet strangely introduced, since the writer, though so near his presumed spot of Ararat, can add nothing to our knowledge by geology from thence; nor by geography, to the locality of Eden. If the Phrat is Euphrates, and Hiddekel is the Degila or Tigris, we may concede the Phasis as the Pison of Scripture; the rather, if it flows through Havilah, the probable land of the brother of Ophir, of the race of Shem, who seems, by some, to have been strangely confounded with Havilah, the descendant of Ham, as African. But then the Araxes, or else the Gozan Kizil-Ozien (the golden river), both fierce streams, marked in ancient geography south of the Kur, or Kera, and not this last river, must be the fourth. Confessedly no existing locality marks the category of Eden, with "a river that went out to water the garden, and from thence parted and became into four heads," or channels, as it may be equally rendered. We agree with Mr. Taylor that the deluge was little likely to change the sources or channels of rivers in a year; but from the Creation to the Flood was a rather longer period, by his own account; and we may, with some writers, conclude, in despite of Rennell, that the currents of the Enphrates and Hiddekel (Tigris), bore down sufficient earth in the interval to alter the face of the country altogether. An ample period, if we may judge by the Sone and Ganges, whose confluence has, within memory, created a tract large enough for a garden. That of Eden, Mr. Taylor tells us, with ill-judged facetiousness, or petulance, "was not a modern kitchen-garden!" The Havilah of some geographers, placed near the Persian Gulf, might surely claim some notice from our author in this inquiry; if the *bdellium* is *pearl*, the *products* are not dissimilar.

We must pause for a moment to remark, that the *mantra*, or charm, of *five* mystic letters, referring to the *five* senses, and the *five* elements, of which ether is one, bears a singular affinity to the Chaldee *אלהים*, *powers* or *demons*, also *angels*; and that the Jews combined these *five* letters as *Elohim*, or universal Deity, while the Chinese, by the number *five*, understand the *principle of Nature*. The above *mantra* is, probably, a Chaldaic tradition of the Brahmins.

From the same source, we know, is derived the Indian tradition of the deluge; the preserving principle being incarnate in the fish, or Vishnu, by whose *maya* "the ship, or ark, is said to be formed." Mr. Taylor throws incidental light on this Hindu narrative, by observing, that apart from the Vedantists, the word *mayai* denotes miraculous agency." Thus, then, casting aside the allegory of the fish, adapted to vulgar comprehensions, the Indian writings

affirm no more than that the ark was supplied by the agency of Deity. With regard to the *maya* itself, Mr. Taylor justly affirms, that "this word does not always signify *illusion*." It certainly did not, in the original and proper sense, but rather perception, impression, or, if we may use the term, a pictured, living representation: he neglects to explain that the sense of *illusion* came later, with the refined Vedanti system, and is, therefore, comparatively modern.

The discussion regarding Ararat, as the Himalayan, and not an Armenian, mountain, is one of the singular instances of "our missionary's" mismanagement of argument; but we must defer further remarks for hereafter.

*Beiträge zur neueren Geschichte aus den Britischen Museum und Reichsarchive.* Von Friedrich von Raumer. 2 band. Leipzig, 1836.

*Contributions to Modern History from the British Museum, &c.* By Frederic von Raumer. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE congratulate Mr. Von Raumer on the appearance of these two very interesting volumes. They will form a very important addition to our historical stores. He has made a very judicious selection from the immense mass of materials which lay before him; materials hitherto almost entirely unused. His first volume is devoted to the history of the two queens, Elizabeth, and Mary Stuart; his second to the life and times of Frederic the Great of Prussia. Upon the first subject, which is one of peculiar interest to us, the professor has collected much very curious and important information, throwing very considerable light on several very obscure points. We shall present our readers with some specimens, reserving a fuller consideration for a future occasion, as we are happy to observe that the originals are announced to appear very shortly.

Mr. Von Raumer traces the history of the two queens up from almost their infancy, remarking that it is not easy to understand their future destiny without doing so.

"I have remarked in my 'History of Europe,' that the latter destiny of the queens, Elizabeth and Mary, are essentially connected with their earlier education and development. Letters written by Mary in early youth to her mother, and other relatives, are too unimportant to be cited; on the other hand, some of Elizabeth's, written prior to her accession to the crown, appear worthy of being presented to the reader."

Mr. Von Raumer then gives one written by the latter on the occasion of the Protector Somerset informing her that her old friend and instructress, Catherine Ashley, was to be removed from her. Not having the queen's original English before us, we shall, as well as we can, retranslate from our author's German translation, not doubting but her majesty's style must suffer very materially from such a double distillation. The original is in the Lansdowne collection.

"I must," says the queen, "take care of my instructress first, because she has been so long a time, so many years, with me, and given herself so much trouble to imbue me with knowledge and virtue. For this reason, says St. Gregory, we are more indebted to those who bring us up well than to our parents. For the latter do only what is natural: they bring us into the world; but the others endeavour to make us live well in it."

وبادي خدائي وزيد شوا ابر روي

is the Persian version of Jacob Tawosi.

ان ان

The whole letter breathes the most kindly feeling towards her friend, and throws some light on the matrimonial plans which were sketched for Elizabeth, even so early, by the Protector, in favour of his brother the Admiral. We shall now turn to her unfortunate sister queen.

"The earlier acts of Queen Mary explain the conduct of the Scots and Queen Elizabeth; and he who recollects the early education of the former, and the seductive and immoral court of Catharine de Medicis, is more a friend, or rather an impartial judge, of the unhappy queen, than he who would surround her by a false lustre of romance, against which historical truth stands forth with a deeper die."

Randolph writes to Cecil as follows:—

"I assure you, the voice of one man can call forth more life in us in one hour, than five hundred trumpets constantly sounding in our ears. Mr. Knox spoke with the queen last Thursday. He knocked so hard at her heart, that he brought her to tears; but one can weep with rage as well as sorrow. At a banquet, a boy of six years of age was presented to the queen. He came as it were from heaven, out of a ball, and presented her with the Bible, Psalter, and keys. In other pageants, they represented the terrible judgments of God against idolatry, the destruction of the band of Kora, Dathan, and Abiram. They wished to exhibit a priest, who was to have been burnt at the elevation of the host. Huntley, however, prevented this."

Thus early did the hostility of the Scots to their queen's religion manifest itself. "On the eighth," continues Randolph, "the Earl of Argyll and the Lord James (Mary's half-brother), so disturbed the queen at mass, that some priests and other persons left their places with broken heads and bloody noses. This was a joke to some, but it caused others to shed tears. It has been questioned, whether the queen, being an idolatress, should be obeyed in all civil and public transactions? I consider it a wonderful sign of God's wisdom, that he has not given this unruly, obstinate, and troublesome, more substance and power than they have, else they would run wild."

We shall, for the present, conclude with a specimen of Mary's poetical talents. It is apparently addressed to Elizabeth: it is both in Italian and French.

"Al penser che mi nuocio insieme e giova  
Amaro e dolce al mio cuor cangia spesso,  
E fra tema e speranza lo tien sì oppresso  
Che la quietà pace unque non trova.  
Però se questa carta a voi rinova  
Il bel desio di vedervi in me impresso  
Cio fa il gran affanno che in se stesso  
Ho non potendo giammai da sé far prova.  
Ho veduto talor vicino al porto  
Ripinger nave in mar contrario vento  
E nel maggior seren turbarsi il cielo.  
Così sorella cara temo e pavento  
Non già per voi ma quante volte  
A torto rompe fortuna un bel ordito velo.

Un amer penser qui me profite, et nuit  
Ameul et doux change en mon coeur sans cesse,  
Entre le doute et l'espérance m'opprime  
Tant que la paix et le repos me fuit.  
Dont, chère sœur, si cette carte suit  
L'affection de vous veoir qui me presse,  
Si promptement l'effet ne s'en ensuit,  
J'ai vu la nef relâcher par contrainte  
En haule mer proche d'entrer au porte,  
Et le serain se convertir en trouble;  
Ainsi je suis en souci et en crainte,  
Non pas de vous, mais quantesfoi a tort  
Fortune rompt voil et cordage double.

We shall return to these very interesting volumes, and present our readers with some very curious particulars relating to the conduct of Chatelard, and the murders of Rizzio and Darley.

(To be continued.)

*The Mountain Decameron.* By Joseph Downes. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. R. Bentley.

THE author of the *Mountain Decameron*, with strong feelings and aspirations, has lived, perhaps, too little in the world, and knows too little of life and of his kind to have a due check upon the outbursts of his heart or fancy. A recluse naturally resolves all into self. He is not aware that judgment, difference of taste, and experience (experience not so much the enemy as the guide to genius) often by opposing crude or incorrect notions, foster mediocrity into excellence: on the contrary, he thinks every objection a crushing weight upon the efforts of the emulous writer. This is a grand mistake. Byron would never have risen to the height he did, had it not been for the *Edinburgh Review*. Had he been bepraised and flattered, he would have become a lazy titled lady's lap-dog; and, probably, been distinguished for the warmest verses in an Album, but he never would have penned "Childe Harold," or even "Beppo."

Before we proceed further, we may notice that (First Day, vol. I.) the author refers to an old offence, as it appears, of the *Literary Gazette*, when he had published a volume of poetry. "Shall I tell you (he says, in his fictitious character) of a little publishing adventure of a former friend of mine many years ago? Being muse-bitten, moreover, passionately longing to have a female child (no such wicked or preposterous a desire, one might have thought) and disappointed by the death of one,—what does he but clap in, with some wild obscure poetry he happened to print, I could hardly say publish, a good while after—a little lament over this blighted hope. There was certainly nothing absurd in its few stanzas, whatever there might be in the act of publishing them. The *Blackwood* was gracious enough, with much condemnation, to say of the whole, that it exhibited 'great power of thought and feeling.' A London weekly critical affair, controverting the northern potentate's wisdom in its favour, though he 'kingly did but nod'—selected (as if there was no other nonsense in the volume!) a few stanzas embodying a *Father's Grief*, and grew most droll and facetious over a bleeding heart and a dead infant! with equal elegance and Christian feeling, finished off one of the stanzas half quoted, with a rhyme of the feeling critic's own—'*Fiddle de dum de dee!!!*' Now, wholly waiving the question as to the justice of the critical judgment, what must be the moral or critical public taste of the times, wherein an emotion (however excessive) so innocent, so grave, so disarming to even just severity, as a father's mourning, could be seized on as a vehicle for venomous waggery?"

And he adds, "I mention this only to shew that the gentle Literary Garreter had no moral stimulus to stir his bile. Yet this was one of the oracles of public taste!"

As we do not quarrel with the dead, and as little as possible with the living, we shall only observe upon this quotation, that we could possess no venom against an unknown writer; and that the whole tenour of our literary career is a lasting proof of our love to encourage, not to depress, aspiring talent. We consider it unfortunate that "The Father's Grief" should have been founded, if founded, on reality; but we have yet to learn how an "oracle of public taste" can be truly oracle enough to know, among the thousand miscellaneous compositions he is obliged to read, which are imaginary, and which plain matter of fact. High as we hold ourselves as oracles of public taste, we must

allow that we do not pretend to this super-human sagacity. But, *verbum sat*.

We find Mr. Downes, with all the fervour of an imaginative author, very defective in manner, and wild and rambling in construction. His best and most original parts, are pictures of the Welsh out-of-the-way places, with their customs and traditions, where, we presume he has passed the chief of his days. As a sample, we copy the account given by "a gentleman."

"A gentleman who lived a little before the time of this dark superstition becoming obsolete, gives us this brief account of what is believed to have been the last 'Sin-Eater of Wales.' 'I got lost,' says he, 'near nightfall, after being landed by the ferry-boat from the Aber of Dovey, on the Cardiganshire side of that estuary. A black turbary of great extent divided me from the road. I was to gain that between Penybont village and Machyulleth town. I was cautioned to ride far round this pitchy morass, for no horse ever ventured among the peat-pits—the whole being a quaking morass. In truth, its look was enough, under a black evening, to keep me off, even without peril of being swallowed, man and horse. It forms a great brown-black triangle of land, without a tree, or any vegetation but patches of gorse. Yet the piles of *mawn* (all fetched away by persons on foot) diversified the dismalness with a sort of low walls, and between was gleaming of some water, from the many holes whence it is dug. Till the moon went down, which lit me a space, I could just distinguish these dismal pools and cuts like canals, by its glimmer. I never saw aught so dismal in my own country as this great turbary of hollow ground looked, a huge green-roofed pit, the pitchy mud thus betraying itself every where, as the large moon, looking red as blood in a foul fog stagnating all over it, took leave of it, and its brown grew browner, and that browner, black, till the last to be seen was one horrid blackness, where nothing lived, and nothing was heard but the low roar of the sea washing it on two sides, like the hum of some great city. That deep-voiced murmur of the sea so sounding like a thousand voices, made it more shocking to look upon the space between, as dumb as a great grave. More than once I thought a light glimmered in the very midst; but I took it for the jack-a-lantern, if not something worse, for I had heard of wreckers, and there had been a shipwreck, the weather wild, and even the day had been hardly light. At last, thanks to my stars, the good hard rock of a rough road rung to my horse's hoof, and I saw a pleasant cottage taper instead of that will-o'-wisp of the black bog, which was as ghastly as the Canwyll Corph, the corpse-candle, carried by a figure of one (as these Welsh say) whose own burial will soon take place, in the spot it vanishes at. The house was on a high point and turn of road, overlooking all those many acres of hollow ground. Just as I came up, hoping lodging, I heard sounds of wailing within, and soon a woman came out into the dead night, late as it was, and cried a name to the top pitch of her wild voice, that seemed one I had heard weeping indoors. When I looked in, there lay a corpse of a man, with a plate of salt holding a bit of bread, placed on its breast. The woman was shouting to the Sin-Eater to come and do his office; that is, to eat the bread, lay his hand on the dead breast, place the dead man's on his own, after making a sign of the cross, and then praying for a transfer of whatever pains or penances in fire or 'thick-ribbed ice,' or molten lead, or what beside monastic belief



attached to the perdition of tormented souls, from that pardoned dead man for ever, to him that more than dead alive, himself in his death of soul, but not of its pains, for ever and for ever.' This is the traveller's account of this incident. He had the curiosity to wait, and saw at last the motion of what seemed a foggy meteor moving toward their standing point. After waiting long, he caught a far-out shout in reply to the woman's long unanswered, till she kindled on the high road's point, the straw of her husband's late bed — the usual signal of a death in the house. The Sin-Eater, he was told, lived alone in a hovel made of seawreck, and nails of such, between sea-marsh and that dim bog, where few could approach by day, none dared by night; whether for the footing, or the great fear, or, at least, awe, which all felt of that recluse. One curious belief was current, that he was no other than 'The Wandering Jew,' the man who spit on his Saviour, and cannot die, that fable familiar to so many countries. Now, as this traveller and the wretched being he stood in the dark and wind expecting, will be hereafter returned to, to avoid double description, this sketch may conclude, whose only purpose was to explain the character of a Sin-Eater of Wales, and the habits of one."

*The Danube, from Ulm to Vienna; forming a Complete Guide from the highest Navigable Point, to the Capital of Austria, with Historical and Legendary Anecdotes, and a Synoptical Table of the Towns, Villages, Castles, Monasteries, &c. arranged according to their Position on the Banks of the River.* By J. R. Planché, F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1836. Porter and Wright; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WHEN Mr. Planché's *Danube* originally appeared, it was upon an almost new and unbroken territory; and we rejoiced to find in it, besides the useful and guiding information of the Itinerarist, those embellishments of fancy and romance, with which the author knew so well to add the *dulce* to the *utile*. In the present edition, which is, indeed, so entirely recast, rewritten, and largely added to, as to merit the name of a new work, Mr. Planché has incorporated all the matter which completes a *Guide* through the interesting country of this splendid river, with its castled rocks and legend-stored banks; and to the numerous travellers who are now daily leaving our shores to "see foreign parts," such a performance will be of very great value. It is true that droves of our locomotive compatriots have only time to brush up the Rhine and down again; but others, more adventurous, with more command of time, and desirous to inspect regions more remote, will find a trip on the Danube an exceedingly pleasing and delightful relaxation. Let them, then, take Planché's little book in their pockets, and they will not only be gratified with the things and sights he describes, but add an enjoyment thereto in perusing the interesting events and traditions which he has coupled with them. We copy one illustration:—

"The towers of the beautiful Benedictine Kloster of the Holy Cross at Donaüwörth are seen for a long while in the distance, before the impatient traveller, who has re-embarked, and passed the mouths of the Glott, the Zuzam, and the Wernitz, which, through a score of unimportant villages, wind their way to the Danube, lands at the bridge of the third post town from Ulm, and hastens to pay his tribute of admiration to the venerable pile which rose under

the auspices of the Emperor Frederick II., in the thirteenth century, and gaze with melancholy interest on the grave of the ill-fated Maria of Brabant, duchess of Bavaria, who fell a victim to the unfounded jealousy of her husband, Louis V. There is more than one version of her hapless story. The following is according to the chronicle of Esiah Wipacher. In the court of Duke Louis of Bavaria, was a young, noble, and valiant knight, celebrated for his skill in all the accomplishments of that chivalric age, and consequently a great favourite with both duke and duchess. One day that he was playing at chess with the latter, he asked her to grant him a boon, and was answered that, providing it might be conceded without affecting her honour, there was little doubt of his obtaining any thing he might desire. Upon this, he prayed the duchess, as an especial mark of her favour, to use towards him in conversation that more familiar mode of expression, which in French is understood by 'Tutoyer,' and in Germany is called 'Dutzen,' namely, the use of the personal pronoun 'thou' instead of 'you.' The duchess, however, considering that her so addressing him might be misconstrued by others, and a degree of intimacy inferred from it detrimental to her reputation, made him no reply, and notwithstanding he repeatedly and earnestly urged his request, she still remained silent. Some time afterwards, Louis took arms against the Bishop of Augsburg, and carried fire and sword into the heart of the territories of that prelate. The knight, of whom we spake, followed, of course, his sovereign to the field, and acquired fresh renown beneath his banner. Louis, who loved his beautiful Maria with a passion almost amounting to madness, had left her in charge of her confessor, a wily monk, and the secret friend and spy of the Bishop of Augsburg. This traitor, working on the fears of the unsuspecting lady, persuaded her to write to the duke, urging his return from the army, and his leaving the prosecution of the war to those whose lives were less dear to her. Louis, however, was not to be drawn from the path of honour, even by his excessive love, and replied to her most affectionately, but in the negative. The cunning priest then bethought him of the young knight, and suggested to the duchess that he might have sufficient influence over the duke to induce him to return. The ill-starred lady upon this wrote to Count Heinrich von Hirschen, for such appears to have been his name, praying him, by the love and service that he bore her, to use all means in his power to withdraw the duke from the siege of Friedberg, and promising, on her part, that if he succeeded in so doing, she would 'grant him the favour he had so long and so earnestly desired.' The messenger was strictly charged to deliver this epistle to the count himself, and unseen by the duke. Unhappily, on the bearer's arrival at the camp, the count was absent on an expedition, and the letter fell into the duke's hands. He recognised the writing of the duchess — his jealous nature took fire — he tore open the seal, and the contents of the paper appeared to confirm but too truly his awakened suspicions. He threw himself on his horse, galloped like a maniac to Donaüwörth, rushed into the chamber of the duchess, dragged her forth by her hair, loaded her with reproaches, and, in spite of her shrieks for mercy, and protestations of innocence, caused her instantly to be beheaded. The seneschal of the castle underwent the same punishment, and four of her female attendants were ordered by the infuriated duke to be flung over the battlements. The dreadful tragedy

was scarcely completed, when the innocence of the unhappy Maria was made manifest, and the wretched Louis was so overwhelmed with horror and remorse, that, although only 27 years old, his hair became white 'in a single night,' and the Kloster of Fürstfeld-brüch is a monument of his penitence."

*The Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Management, Condition, and Affairs of the British Museum, &c.*

GREAT has been the outcry of late against the present condition and management of our national museum. On the one hand, the force of ridicule and misrepresentation has been employed to convince the public that it is at once a disgrace to the nation, and the laughing-stock of foreigners. And this species of argument has occasionally given way to offensive personal attacks upon the trustees or the officers to whose care it is more directly confided. We need scarcely say that it is not our intention to join in the halloo. The matter has been investigated by a committee of the House of Commons; the evidence taken during last session is before the public: and, as this volume develops the principal objections against the Museum, and the plans proposed for its reform, we shall offer a few general observations upon both.

We confess, that when we consider the recent period at which the British Museum was founded, and the small sums hitherto devoted to its support, our surprise is great that it should have attained its present extent and value: from the middle of the last century to the present time, it has gradually increased, and private munificence has afforded what the parsimony of government denied. The average amount of the money voted to it by Parliament may be taken at 17,000*l.* per annum; scarcely so much as the government of France applies to the augmentation and support of the Jardin des Plantes; yet, in the face of this strong proof of neglect, people exclaim against the constitution of the place as the great cause of its present inefficiency, and as calculated to retard its improvement in future; forgetting that the trustees cannot do all that is required of them without the necessary funds, and that the want of room for a proper display of the collections diminishes their utility, inasmuch as it conceals their true extent: it is true, that the new buildings are proceeding rapidly towards completion, and it is no less true, that they ought to have been completed long since; but whether the government may be inclined in future to place an adequate revenue at the disposal of the trustees, remains to be shewn. In addition, however, to the want of money and the want of room, causes quite sufficient in themselves to check the advancement of any establishment, it appears to us, that there is another circumstance which may be considered as indirectly affecting the growth of the Museum; the collections contained in it are of too heterogeneous a nature, each as much retarding the increase of the other as all united exceed the exact definition of a Museum: for instance, there are an extensive library; collections of medals, coins, gems, and prints; a gallery of antique sculpture; and the department of natural history: it seldom happens that so many various subjects are found assembled under the same roof, and, although it were proved that no positive evil results from such an arrangement, the propriety of it would still, for many reasons, be a matter of doubt. We think it might have

been well, before the commencement of the new buildings at the Museum and of the National Gallery, to have considered the possibility of uniting the collections of painting and sculpture, and of separating the books, prints, coins, &c., and the natural history, into two distinct departments. Had such a division been effected, each collection would have acquired fresh vigour by becoming independent of any other, instead of being condemned, as at present to a gradual and uniform increase. Thus, the causes which have hitherto cramped the growth of the Museum, are comprised within a very narrow compass, and, it is evident that the prime source of evil is not the inefficiency of the governing body, but a want of money, without which all exertion is fruitless. It is the fashion, however, to estimate our Museum by similar establishments abroad; and here again the complainers seem to forget, that it has existed only for 77 years, and that it has never received a due support from the government of this country; yet they do not hesitate to compare it with institutions which have existed for centuries, and flourished in the sunshine of royal favour. But for the narrow limits of our journal, we could shew that, taking into consideration the disabilities of youth and poverty, if we may so speak, the British Museum would rather gain than lose, by a fair comparison of some of its collections with any of the Museums abroad. The Royal Library at Paris is as ancient as the fifteenth century, and was an object of care in the sixteenth; at present, it contains 700,000 volumes of printed books, and 80,000 MSS. The library of the British Museum, which is not a third of that age, contains 220,000 printed books, and 22,000 MSS.; had our government added only 20,000 volumes yearly, since 1759, it would, at this moment, have greatly exceeded the other, notwithstanding its antiquity; and, in its present condition, is, probably, not very inferior to the Vatican, of which so little is known, and so much is said, on the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico." Montfaucon in his *Diarium Italicum*, published in 1702, says that he was told the MSS. in the Vatican amounted to about 12,000, and, speaking apparently of his own knowledge, that the collection of printed books was very inferior to the Royal Library at Paris. Supposing the number of MSS. and books to have increased between that period and the French invasion, it is very certain that the library was then pillaged to a very great extent, and, it is well known, that several libraries, formed of its spoils, have been sold by auction in London; indeed, we can safely assert that there is no library in Europe at all superior to our own, which is not at least twice as old,\* and which does not owe that superiority, to a prompt attention, on the part of the government to its wants, or to causes which can never influence the British Museum. The returns from the foreign libraries clearly shew that the governments abroad do not always act with that just liberality, for which they obtain credit here: it appears, that while large sums are spent from the purchase of books, the librarians, among whom are to be found many of the first literary men on the continent, enjoy but miserable pittance, taking into account the relative value of money, and generally less than the small salaries of the officers of our Museum. If we are inferior to many of the Museums on the continent in works of ancient art, is not the cause as apparent as the fact of the inferiority itself. The Museum of Florence is

older than that of the Vatican; yet the latter is superior to the former: at the commencement of the fifteenth century, only five antique statues of marble, and one of bronze, were known to exist in Rome. Cosmo de Medici set the fashion of collecting at Florence, which was so liberally practised by his successors; but no sooner had Leo X. given an impulse to antiquarian research in Rome, than the Vatican rapidly excelled the Florentine Museum, upon which, nevertheless, more time and labour had been expended. All Italy, and more especially Rome, was a mine which required only to be worked to enrich its sovereigns; consequently, the collections there were the finest, and formed at a trifling expense. The Museo Borbonico at Naples is indebted for its riches to the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It would be strange indeed, if the Italian Museums, formed in the ancient seat of civilisation, where letters last decayed and first revived, with the surrounding country covered by and covering the fairest specimens of Roman and Grecian art, were not superior to all others; and still stranger would it be, if the British Museum, scarce a century old, and long neglected by the government, with narrow resources, and few opportunities of purchasing, could pretend, or be supposed to equal them. Putting aside these collections, the Louvre alone, of all other foreign establishments, is superior to the Gallery of Antiquities; and this is owing, in a great measure, to the purchase of the Borghese Collection, under the Empire: besides, it was formed long before the Museum. Our collection of coins and gems is scarcely surpassed by those of Paris and Vienna; and our Gallery of Minerals is admitted to be the most extensive and the most valuable in Europe: if, then, it be candidly admitted that the Collection of Prints, and some departments of natural history, are far from complete, we accuse not the directors of mismanagement. We again say, that, considering the comparative infancy of the establishment, the little care bestowed upon it by government, and the fact, that it is indebted to individual liberality, for the best part of its contents, there is more reason for astonishment that it should be so extensive, than for complaint because it is inferior to the Museums abroad. Let us admonish the state to become more liberal towards it, and let us endeavour to convince those in office, that by contributing to the mental enjoyments of a nation, they indirectly increase its happiness and strengthen their own power; but it is worse than folly to blame those to whom no reproach attaches.

Some time since we gave Sir Humphry Davy's remarks upon the British Museum, extracted from the Memoirs of that distinguished person, lately published by his brother, Dr. John Davy. Sir Humphry observed, that "unfortunately, in England, science is not the taste, either of the court or of the government." This may be admitted as a general proposition; and as such it would alone vindicate the directors of our Museum from the charge of mismanagement, were they not already exonerated by the considerations above stated. It is an admission, and that, too, by a high authority, of neglect shewn by the state to the national museum, and altogether invalidates the supposition, that the care of it has been entrusted to improper persons. We may ask, if science is not the taste of the government, would the Museum have been more extensive, even though the direction of it had been confided to scientific characters? Would philosophers or *littérateurs* have put their hands in

their pockets and have generously supplied the funds which the government was unwilling to grant? The ability of such characters to do so, in a country where it is confessed that science is not, or at least was not, fostered by the state, would be questionable. Had science been so protected, such an act would have been unnecessary; and the only advantage that could have accrued to the Museum from their presence would have been, not so much an increase of the place, since that, supposing the favour of government, would have happened with the most mediocre management, but a better arrangement of its various departments; this might, and indeed would have been done long since, but for a want of room; and, had the improvements that have already taken place commenced in Sir Humphry Davy's time, we feel convinced he would never have penned some of his observations. It is altogether erroneous to conclude, that those only are men of science or of literature who gain a living by the exercise of their talents; and it is contrary to long experience to suppose the followers of science to be, in general, men of business, and inspired with equal views, uninfluenced alike by the jealousies and heart-burnings which affect mortals of weaker minds. In short, we may reasonably doubt the correctness of the principle which should lead such persons to regard, or the government to bestow, a trusteeship of the British Museum as the reward of merit; and we are inclined to believe, that few of the sons of science would be so truly philosophical, such perfect imitators of Diogenes, as to prefer the empty shadow of a title to the more substantial and inviting aspect of a pension, which should remove them beyond the reach of the demon of narrow circumstances, and enable them to enjoy that learned leisure which is likened unto a paradise below.

Among other questions relating to the management of the Museum, the committee ask, if an instance could be given of a poet having been a trustee? Now, with all deference, we conclude that a poet would be the last person to desire, and naturally the least qualified to execute, such an office; indeed, it is somewhat problematical as to what part he would be required to take at the meetings of the board, unless it were to verify the minutes. Surely this duty might be performed, very satisfactorily, by some of the present members; but, after all, it would not be poetry, and doubtless the announcement of an epic upon the decisions of the trustees, would impart a novel, and, perhaps, an interesting character to their proceedings.

The trustees have been accused of refusing to purchase some valuable collections, which have, consequently, passed into private hands, or become dispersed. We may, perhaps, admit that in one or two instances this accusation is just; and even in these we are unable to tell the motives that led to such refusals, as we are not in possession of the facts wherewith to form a correct judgment; but it will be recollected that the trustees had, and have, even now, very scanty funds at their disposal. We may observe, moreover, that the principle which too often induces people to demand a greater price from the government than from an individual, is erroneous and absurd. We know, that for several collections offered to the Museum, at least four times their value was demanded,—witness the Bruce MSS. It is very easy to say, that a government should patronise those individuals who are at the pains to collect objects of curiosity in art or literature; but government is but a steward to the public, and ought,

\* Excepting always that at St. Petersburg—a forced plant.

no more than an individual, to pay above its commercial value for any thing. The payment of this conventional value is a just exercise of patronage; just towards the seller, because he will hardly part with his commodities without a profit; and just towards the nation, which demands a correct appropriation of the money it contributes to the service of the state. In a future article we shall dismiss the subject with a few observations on the state of the library and catalogues, which fall more directly within our province.

*The Violin: being an Account of that leading Instrument, and its most eminent Professors, &c. &c.* By George Dubourg. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1836. Colburn; Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; Dublin, Cumming.

WORKS of this kind must be mere miscellanies, for the history of the violin would be a history of music for the last two centuries, at least, if followed into all its ramifications and connexions. The only question the reviewer has to determine, therefore, is, not whether a Burney or a Hawkins has published, but whether an unassuming writer has produced an entertaining volume on the subject proposed for his lucubrations? This, we think, Mr. Dubourg has done. He has taken the fiddle in hand with a good air, and his variations are very amusing. We have the early accounts of the instrument, such as they are, neatly condensed; and we have different national schools, and their styles and professors described, till we, even we, who hardly know an Amato from a Kicat, seem to have a tolerable notion of their several claims to distinction and admiration. Perhaps there are many gaps to fill up; and, perhaps, there has been allotted to easy matter (i. e. such as could be selected from recent periodicals, whose opinions were not worth a *sous*, on recent performers and performances) more than an honest proportion of pages in such a production; but still the medley is agreeable enough; and the good-natured reader, not deeply versed in the general theme, will reap information on some points, and pleasing anecdotes and recollections on all.

We will quote a few passages in proof. About the earliest *Violin-mania* in England occurred towards the end of the reign of Charles II.

"Its beginning (says Mr. Dubourg) was accidental, and occasioned by the arrival of Nicola Mattei; he was an excellent musician; performed wonderfully on the violin. His manner was singular; but he excelled, in one respect, all that had been heard in England before: his *arciata*, or manner of bowing, his shakes, divisions, and, indeed, his whole style of performance, was surprising, and every stroke of his bow was a mouthful. When he first came hither, he was very poor, but not so poor as proud; which prevented his being heard, or making useful acquaintance, for a long time, except among a few merchants in the city, who patronised him. And, setting a high value on his condescension, he made them indemnify him for the want of more general favour. By degrees, however, he was more noticed, and was introduced to perform at court. But his demeanour did not please, and he was thought capricious and troublesome, as he took offence if any one whispered while he played; which was a kind of attention that had not been much in fashion at our court. It was said that the Duke of Richmond would have settled a pension upon him, though he wished him to change his manner of playing, and would needs

have one of his pages shew him a better. Mattei, for the sake of the jest, condescended to take lessons of the page, but learned so fast, that he soon outran him in his own way. But he continued so outrageous in his demands, particularly for his solos, that few would comply with them, and he remained in narrow circumstances and obscurity a long while. Nor would his superior talents ever have contributed to better his fortune, had it not been for the zeal and friendly offices of two or three diletanti, his admirers. These, becoming acquainted with him, and courting him in his own way, had an opportunity of describing to him the temper of the English, who, if humoured, would be liberal; but, if uncivilly treated, would be sulky, and despise him and his talents; assuring him that, by a little complaisance, he would neither want employment nor money. By advice so reasonable, they at length brought him into such good temper, that he became generally esteemed and sought after; and, having many scholars, though on moderate terms, his purse filled apace, which confirmed his conversion. After this, he discovered a way of acquiring money which was then perfectly new in this country: for, observing how much his scholars admired the lessons he composed for them (which were all duos), and that most musical gentlemen who heard them, wished to have copies of them, he was at the expense of having them neatly engraved on copper-plates, in oblong octavo, which was the beginning of engraving music in England; and these he presented, well-bound, to lovers of the art, and admirers of his talents, for which he often received three, four, and five guineas. And so great were his encouragement and profits in this species of traffic, that he printed four several books of 'Ayres for the Violin' in the same form and size."

Of Paganini we have a great deal; and, considering how much we had, at no distant date, on the same subject, in the newspapers, rather more than enough; but still the following, connected with his *début*, may be news to the generality of readers.

"There is in London a class of needy and adventurous foreigners, who, with no available talent of their own, have just industry enough to make them beset those of their countrymen, whose genius or good fortune enables them to figure successfully in this metropolis. Whoever has had occasion to direct his course through the Regent's Quadrant, either in the twilight of a departing day, or during the brighter reign of gas and night, must have noted the loose, idle, swaggering gait, the tawdry and *outré* habiliments, and the dark and dirty looks, of certain figures who loiter about in obstructive knots, or saunter on in pairs or threes, among the more regulated passengers. Their equipment is ordinarily completed by a reeking cigar, which adds to their sense of importance, and is an auxiliary to their impertinences of demeanour towards the females, of whatever grade, who chance to pass within their track. But their 'high and palmy state' is in the gallery of the King's Theatre, where their pertinacious 'manual exercise,' and their laudatory vociferations, in favour of the dancers who successively occupy the stage during the ballet, are a serious annoyance to all around them. Under this character, which seems to have no English term that will exactly fit it, they are known as the *claqueurs*. Externally, they are altogether the personification of impudent pretence; and, to enable them to support this equivocal character, they seek out the private quarters of

the great singer, or the fortunate artist, in whatever line, and, by all the arts of the meanest flattery, contrive to extract from his purse such tribute as his vanity, or his complaisance, may be willing to afford. It is no unnatural conjecture to suppose that, on the occasion above named, Paganini acted under a mistake produced by influence of this kind."

It is almost as common and certain as any first appearance.

Amateur concerts are hardly caricatured in the subjoined *scena*, "being the description (says our author) of a quartet, freely drawn from the French of an eminent living writer, whose lively and graphic powers in the delineation of familiar scenes have procured him very extensive admiration among his own countrymen, and some share of credit *parmi nous autres Anglais*. Here then is the exposition; but let imagination first draw up the curtain, and place us in view of the convened guests at a musical *soirée*, given by some people of middling condition, but somewhat ambitious pretensions, in a private apartment somewhere in Paris:—After several hours of the evening had worn away in lengthened expectation, till the assembled party, tired of speculating and talking, began to yawn; the old gentleman who usually undertook the bass instrument, was seen to look at his watch, and was heard to murmur between his teeth, 'What a bore is this! How am I to get home by eleven, if the time goes on in this do-nothing way; and I here since seven o'clock, too! So much for your early invitations; but they shan't catch me again.' At length, the host, who had been passing the evening in running about to borrow instruments, and collect the 'disjecta membra' of the music, reappears, with a scarlet countenance, and in the last state of perspiring exhaustion,—his small and feeble figure tottering beneath the weight of sundry large music-books and a tenor-fiddle. 'Here I am again,' exclaimed he, with an air that was rendered perfectly wild by his exertions: 'I've had a world of trouble to get the parts together; but I've managed the business. Gentlemen, you may commence the quartet.' 'Ay, ay,' said Mons. Pattier, the bass-fiddle man, 'let us begin at once, for we've no time to lose; but where's my part?' 'There, there, on the music-desk.' 'Come, gentlemen, now let us *tune*.' The constituent amateurs proceed accordingly to the labour of getting into mutual agreement; during which process the auditory shuffle about, and insert themselves into seats as they can. Already are yawning symptoms of impatience visible among the ladies, to whom the very mention of a quartet furnishes a pretence for the vapours, and who make no scruple to talk, for diversion's sake, with the loungers behind their chairs. Whispering, laughing, quizzing, are freely indulged in, and chiefly at the special expense of the musical *executioners* themselves. The enterprising four, at length brought into union, plant themselves severally before their desks. The elderly basso has stuck his circlet of green paper round the top of his candle, for optical protection from the glare: the tenor has mounted his spectacles: the second violin has roughened his bow with a whole ounce of resin; and the premier has adjusted his cravat so as to save his neck from too hard an encounter with his instrument. These preliminaries being arranged, and the host having obtained something of a 'lull,' among the assembly, by dint of loud and repeated exclamations of hush!—the first violin elevates his ambitious bow-arm, directs a look of com-



mand to his colleagues, and stamps with his foot. 'Are we ready?' he inquires with a determined air. 'I have been ready any time these two hours,' replied Mons. Pattier, with a malcontent shrug of his shoulders. 'Stay a moment, gentlemen,' cries the second fiddle; 'my treble string is down.' 'Tis a new string—just let me bring it up to pitch again.' The tenor takes advantage of this interval, to study a passage that he fears is likely to 'give him pause;' and the bass takes a consolatory pinch of snuff. 'I've done it now,' ejaculates at length the second violin. 'That's well, then; attention again, gentlemen, if you please. Let us play the allegro very moderately, and the adagio rather fast—it improves the effect.'—'Ay, ay, just as you like; only you must beat the time.' The signal is given: the first violin starts off, and the rest follow, after their peculiar fashion. It becomes presently evident that, instead of combination, all is contest; notwithstanding which evidence of honourable rivalry, somebody has the malice to whisper, pretty audibly, 'The rogues are in a conspiracy to flay our ears.' Presently the first violin makes a dead halt.—'There's some mistake: we're all wrong.' 'Why, it seems to go well enough,' observes the tenor. 'No, no, we're out somewhere.'—'Where is it then?' 'Where? that's more than I can tell.'—'For my part,' says the second violin, 'I have not missed a note.'—'Nor I either,'—'Nor I.'—'Well gentlemen, we must try back.' 'Ay, let us begin again; and pray be particular in beating the time.' 'Nay, I think I mark the time loud enough.' 'As for that,' exclaims the hostess, 'the person who lodges below has already talked about complaining to the landlord.' The business is now resumed, but with no improved success, although the first violin works away in an agitation not very dissimilar to that of a maniac. The company relax into laughter, and the performers come to a stand-still. 'This is decidedly not the thing,' says the conducting violinist, Monsieur Longuet, 'there is doubtless some error—let us look at the bass part.'—'Why, here's a pretty affair—you are playing in B flat, and we are in D!' 'I only know that I've been playing what you told me, the first quartet in the first book,' replies old Monsieur Pattier, florid with rage. 'How the deuce is it then? let us see the title-page. Why, how is this? a quartet of Mozart's, and we are playing one of Pleyell's! now, really that is too good!' Renewed laughter is the result of this discovery, and the abortive attempt ends with a general merriment, the contagion of which, however, fails to touch old Monsieur Pattier, who can by no means turn into a joke his indignation at a mistake that has effectually put a stop to the performance of the quartet."—

With this we conclude our notice, and can fairly recommend this small and unpretending work to the public; it is light readings, and well fitted for autumn and the retirings from London, when the evenings are growing dark.

#### Rowwood: Fourth Edition.

WE ought before to have noticed this fourth edition of so popular a work (but the word *fourth* is better than our criticism), and one not only so much improved by its author as almost to be re-written, but so admirably illustrated by Cruikshank. Among his other additions, Mr. Ainsworth has put ten new lyrics to those striking compositions, of the same sort which illustrated the first edition, and we cannot do better than give specimens of their spirit and poetry.

#### "A Chapter of Highwaymen.

\* Monte sub hoc lapidum tegitur Baltes apultus,  
Nocte, die, tutum carpe. Viator, ite.  
VIRGIL'S *Juvenilia*.

Or every rascal of every kind,  
The most notorious to my mind  
Was the Cavalier Captain—gay Jemmy Hind!\*

But the pleasantest coxcomb among them all  
For lute, coranto, and madrigal,  
Was the galliard Frenchman—Claude Du Val!\*

But yet Tobygloak never a coach could rob,  
Could lighten a pocket, or empty a fob,  
With a neater hand than Old Mob, Old Mob!\*

Nor did Housebreaker ever deal harder knocks  
On the stubborn lid of a good strong box,  
Than that prince of good fellows, Tom Cox, Tom Cox!\*

And blither fellow on broad highway,  
Did never with oath bid traveller stay,  
Than devil-may-care Will Holloway!\*

And in roguery naught could exceed the tricks  
Of Gettings and Grey, and the five or six,  
Who trod in the steps of bold Neddy Wicks!\*

Nor could any so handily break a lock  
As Shepherd, who stood on the Newgate dock,  
And nicknamed the gaolers around him 'his flock!'

Nor did highwayman ever before possess,  
For ease, for security, danger, distress,  
Such a mare as Dick Turpin's Black Bess, Black Bess!

\* "Lambere flamma τριφύλλος et circum funera pasci."  
THROUGH the midnight gloom did a pale blue light,  
To the churchyard mirk wing its lonesome flight:—  
Thrice it floated those old walls round—  
Thrice it paused—till the grave it found.  
Over grass-green soil it glanced,  
Over the fresh-turned earth it danced,  
Like a torch in the night-breeze quivering—  
Never was seen so gay a thing!

Now what of that pale blue flame dost know?  
Can't tell where it comes from, or where it will go?  
Is it the soul, released from clay,  
Over the earth takes its way,  
And carries a moment in mirth and glee  
Where the corpse it hath quitted interred shall be?

Or is it the trick of some fanciful sprite,  
That taketh in mortal mischief delight,  
And marketh the road the coffin shall go,  
And the spot where the dead shall be laid low?  
Ask him, who can answer those questions aright;  
I know not the cause of that pale blue light!

Altogether this is a most attractive volume.

\* "James Hind (the 'Prince of Prigs'),—a Royalist Captain of some distinction, was hanged, drawn, and quartered, in 1632. Some good stories are told of him. He had the credit of robbing Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Peters. His discourse to Peters is particularly edifying."

\* "See Du Val's Life by Doctor Pope, or Leigh Hunt's brilliant sketch of him in *The Indicator*."

\* "We cannot say much in favour of this worthy, whose name was Thomas Simpson. The reason of his sobriquet does not appear. He was not particularly scrupulous as to his mode of appropriation. One of his sayings is, however, on record—he told a widow whom he robbed, 'that the end of a woman's husband begins in tears, but the end of her tears is another husband'; upon which," says his Chronicler, "the gentlewoman gave him about fifty guineas."

\* "Tom was a sprightly fellow, and carried his sprightliness to the gallows: for, just before he was turned off, he kicked Mr. Smith, the ordinary, and the hangman, out of the cart; a piece of pleasantry which created, as may be supposed, no small sensation."

\* "Many agreeable stories are related of Holloway. His career, however, closed with a murder. He contrived to break out of Newgate, but returned to witness the trial of one of his associates; when, upon the attempt of a turnkey, one Richard Spurling, to seize him, Will knocked him on the head in the presence of the whole court. For this offence he suffered the extreme penalty of the law in 1712."

\* "Wick's adventures with Madame Toly are highly diverting. It was this hero, not Turpin, as has been erroneously stated, who stopped the celebrated Lord Mohun. Of Gettings and Grey, and 'the five or six,' the less said the better."

\* "One of Shepherds recorded *mots*: When a Bible was pressed upon his acceptance by Mr. Wagstaff, the chaplain, Jack refused it, saying, 'that in his situation, one file would be worth all the Bibles in the world.' A gentleman who visited Newgate, asked him to dinner, Shepherd replied, 'that he would take an early opportunity of waiting upon him.' And we believe he kept his word."

#### Memoirs of Mirabeau.

Third notice: conclusion.

THE fourth volume analyses and reviews Mirabeau's early productions, particularly his *Essay on Despotism*, written at the age of twenty, and his works on *Lettres de Cachet*, and subsequently on the Stock-jobbing of the ministers, &c. of Louis XVI. The character of his youthful performances is thus diametrically described by his father and his editor:—  
"This book (says the former, speaking of the *Lettres de Cachet*) is a furious farrago of nonsense, in which he has piled up all that can be said against despotism, joined to impudent pleadings in favour of rascals. It is seditious folly let loose." And again:—

"We have given another extract containing a pretty just reproach in reference to M. de Rougemont, who is very violently attacked in the '*Lettres de Cachet*.' 'Very well, master! But in reading Voltaire, and Linguet, in their descriptions of the Bastille and Vincennes, we are sure to swallow as many lies as lives. What a noble use of time and memory! a stinking vessel can never furnish a good liquid; and, for instance, to quote the '*Lettres de Cachet*,' this Rougemont, which the fellow treats so vilely, was his flatterer, and the lackey of his grand airs. He was always at my house and elsewhere singing the fellow's praises, and he has been rewarded for it as you see. All the cases of oppression he mentions are well-known histories of good-for-nothing scoundrels. These fellows lend each other arms and manifestoes, and all is swallowed as Gospel truth. You judge wisely of this production, which others have attempted to make me believe a fine thing; to which I have always replied: 'I perceive that the age has recourse to dead men. So much the better—this consoles me for departing!'—*Unpublished Letter from the Marquess of Mirabeau to the Marquess Longo, dated June 9th, 1783.*"

The opposite spirit in which the editor looked on these pamphlets is illustrated by the following extract, which also goes into other extraneous matters, and may serve to exemplify his biography:—

"One of the most disgraceful wrongs committed by governments is, that they have assiduously laboured for the corruption of morals. They have even employed the fine arts in effecting this, by placing them in the service of a frantic and sacrilegious pride, and diverting them from their religious and philosophical destination. Thus the time comes at length for the party panting to claim the fulfilment of the contract, and for the principal to punish his agent for the non-performance of his duties. But these just reprisals lead to such profound political subversions that nations generally are in no haste to make use of their rights, but, on the contrary, put up with despotism so long as it is pretty nearly bearable."

The last three words bespeak indifferent translation; but we must glance over the rest of the volume. It relates to Mirabeau's asylum in Holland, and his multifarious literary labours there for sustenance; also his journey to London, and productions whilst amongst us. His return to Paris, April 1785; his subsequent trip to Berlin, and his voluminous correspondence, &c., having previously gone into long details respecting the Parisian water-works, and other statistical affairs of little interest to the English reader. His return to Paris, at the convocation of the notables, (the *Notables*, whose meeting sounded the knell of the French monarchy!) and his letters against Calonne, and Necker, and other publications, bring us to the end of

volume IV.; from which we quote a portion likely to be most attractive to our readers, as it speaks Mirabeau's opinions of ourselves.

"Mirabeau took with him on this journey (to England) the infant we have already mentioned in the preface to this work, and at the end of book xiii. vol. 3. He loved this child, then two years old, with extreme affection, and it remained with him until his death. He was also accompanied by a young female whom he had attached to his fate, and of whom we are bound to say a few words. We must premise, that this connexion, though irregular, was not a public scandal like the former *faison*; and, in spite of the situation in which the young woman was placed, she never ceased to command the respect and affection of all who knew her,—a just reward for the exquisite qualities with which she contrived to cover the only blemish that could be imputed to her. 'To this we may add, that she inspired Mirabeau with an attachment of a nature very different from, and much more durable than, any former connexion of a similar description. Henrietta Amelia, born May 15, 1765, was a natural daughter of Onno Zwier Van Haren, who acquired great renown in Holland by the ability he displayed in the highest public employments, and by his great talents in history and high literature. At fourteen years of age she lost her excellent father; and, having only a very small annuity to live upon, the interesting orphan was placed as a boarder in a convent at Paris. Here Mirabeau became acquainted with her about the beginning of 1784. She had no relations, no friends, no experience, and no power of defence. Subdued by the pity with which Mirabeau's misfortunes inspired her, and seduced by the magic of his language, she united herself to him, consented to follow him, and for several years strongly fixed him by her beauty, her good sense, and the power of a virtue the more touching, because a single fault rendered her as modest as she was gentle and shrinking,—as well as by the truly maternal care she bestowed upon the child beloved by Mirabeau, and which she had adopted as her own. Accustomed to meet with all sorts of accidents in his travels, Mirabeau was nearly lost in crossing the Channel. Shortly after his arrival he gave an account of his impressions in a letter, part of which we insert here, because in it will be found the subjects that usually occupied his thoughts. 'The approaches to London are of a rustic beauty of which not even Holland has furnished models (I should rather compare them to some valley in Switzerland); for—and this very remarkable fact immediately catches an experienced eye—this domineering people are, beyond every thing, agriculturists in their island; and it is this that has so long saved them from their own delirium. I felt my heart strongly and deeply moved as I passed through this highly cultivated and prosperous land, and I said to myself, 'Wherefore this emotion so new to me?' These country-seats compared with ours are mere country-boxes. Several parts of France, even in the worst of its provinces, and all Normandy, through which I have just passed, are assuredly more beautiful in natural scenery than this country. There are to be found here and there in France, especially in our own province, noble edifices, splendid establishments, immense public works, vast traces of the most prodigious efforts of man; and yet here I am delighted much more than I was ever surprised in my own country, by the things I have mentioned. It is because here nature is improved, and not forced; it is because these roads, narrow, but excellent, do

not remind me of forced or average labour, except to lament over the country in which such labour is known; it is because this admirable state of cultivation shews me the respect paid to property; it is because this care, this universal cleanliness, is a speaking symptom of welfare; it is because all this rural wealth is in nature, near to nature, and according to nature, and does not, like splendid palaces surrounded with hovels, betray the excessive inequality of fortunes, which is the source of so many evils; it is because all tells me that here the people are something—that every man enjoys the development and free exercise of his faculties, and that I am in another order of things.' We insert also another passage, in which again appears the man continually preoccupied with the interests of freedom; and we give this extract the more readily because, on the one hand, the letters to Chamfort are, as we have already said, very little known; and, on the other, because Mirabeau's precarious and painful situation in England prevented him from writing, according to his first intention, the observations which the British constitution naturally suggested to a mind like his. 'I am not an enthusiast in favour of England; and I now know sufficient of that country to tell you that, if its constitution is the best known, the application of this constitution is the worst possible; and that if the Englishman is, as a social man, the most free in the world, the English people are the least free of any. . . . What then is freedom, since the small portion of it found in one or two laws places in the first rank a nation so little favoured by nature? What may a constitution not effect, when this one, though incomplete and defective, saves, and will save for some time to come, the most corrupt people in the universe from their own corruption? How great must be the influence of a small number of data favourable to the human species, since this people—ignorant, superstitious, obstinate (for they are all this), covetous, and very near to Punic faith, are, better than most other nations, known, because they enjoy a small portion of civil liberty.'"

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Pickwick Club Papers, No. F.,* edited by "Boz" (London, Chapman and Hall).—We hope and believe that this clever and characteristical publication prospers as it deserves to do. The present number has a very amusing tale of a bazaar, told in Boz's best style, which we recommend to readers, and would, indeed, extract, were it not too gross an act of plunder from so small a tome. We will, however, copy, (as a specimen) an election "*miraculous circumstance*," as related by Sam, the coachman, as happening in his father's time! "He drove a coach down here once; 'lection time came on, and he was engaged by vnn party to bring down waters from London. Night afore he was a going to drive up, committee on 'tother side sends for him quietly, and away he goes with the messenger, who shews him in,—large room—lots of gen'tim'n—heaps of papers, pens and ink, and all that 'ere. 'Ah, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'tim'n in the chair, 'glad to see you, sir; how are you?' 'Werry well, thank'ee, sir,' says my father; 'I hope you're pretty middlin',' says he. 'Pretty well, thank'ee, sir,' says the gen'tim'n. 'Sit down, Mr. Weller,—pray sit down, sir.' So my father sits down, and he and the gen'tim'n looks werry hard at each other. 'You don't remember me?' says the gen'tim'n. 'Can't say I do,' says my father. 'Oh, I know you,' says the gen'tim'n; 'know'd you ven you was a boy,' says he. 'Well, I don't remember you,' says my father. 'That's werry odd,' says the gen'tim'n. 'Werry,' says my father. 'You must have a bad mem'ry,' Mr. Weller, says the gen'tim'n. 'Well, it is a werry bad 'un,' says my father. 'I thought so,' says the gen'tim'n. So then they pours him out a glass of wine, and gammons him about his driving, and gets him into a regular good humour, and at last shoves a twenty pound note in his hand. 'It's a werry bad road between this and London,' says the gen'tim'n. 'Here and there it is a werry heavy road,' says my father. 'Specially near the canal, I think,' says the gen'tim'n. 'Nasty bit, that 'ere,' says my father. 'Well, Mr. Weller,' says the gen'tim'n, 'you're a werry good whip, and can do what you like with your horses, we

know. We're all werry fond o' you, Mr. Weller, so in case you should have an accident there you're bringing them here waters down, and should tip 'em over into the canal without hurtin' 'em, this is for yourself,' says he. 'Gen'tim'n, you're werry kind,' says my father, 'and I'll drink your health in another glass of wine,' says he; vich he did, and then buttons up the money, and bows himself out. 'You couldn't believe, sir,' continued Sam, 'with a look of inexpressible impudence at his master, 'that on the werry day as he came down with them waters, his coach was upset on that 'ere werry spot, and ev'ry man on 'em was turned into the canal.' 'And got out again?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, hastily. 'Why,' replied Sam, 'very slowly. 'I rather think one old gentleman was misin'; I know his hat was found, but I s'en't quite certain whether his head was in it or not. But what I look at, is the hex-tra-ordinary, and wonderful coincidence, that arter what that gen'tim'n said my father's coach should be upset in that werry place, and on that werry day? 'It is, no doubt, a werry extraordinary circumstance, indeed,' said Mr. Pickwick."

*A Pleasant Peregrination through the Prettiest Parts of Pennsylvania,* performed by Peregrine Prolix, 18mo. pp. 148. (Philadelphia, Grigg and Elliott).—A facetious and punning little tome; the poetry of the Dedication abominably good; *et. gr.*—

"I wish, my friend, that you could view  
The feast of yankee ingenuity,  
The contemplation would just suit  
Your philosophic temper to a T.  
But since I cannot have you here,  
I wish you all joy in Gower Street,  
And many a pleasant day and year,  
And painless night of slumber sweet."

But the Preface, speaking in plain prose, and of more useful things, tells us—

"Since 1826, Pennsylvania has expended, in the construction of six hundred and one miles of canal and slack-water navigation, and one hundred and nineteen miles of rail-road, the sum of twenty-two millions four hundred thousand dollars; and it is supposed that the amount of tolls collected on these works during the current year will exceed one million of dollars."

On the subject of international literature, &c. we are also interested by the following:

"We have some hope that John will read our book for times are much altered since the wicked reviewer exclaimed, 'Who reads an American book?' From that very hour, John, who, under a rough and bulldogged surface, has at bottom a thick substratum of good-natured honesty: from that very minute, I say, John began to read American books, ay, and to print them too; taking care to charge for his editions four times as much as the price of the American; so as to make up in cost what they may want in matter. . . . Moreover, the editor of the *London Literary Gazette* has deigned to read, and recommend to his readers, a little series of Letters, some time since edited by us, touching the Virginia Springs; for which courtesy, as in duty bound, we return our thanks and those of the author, and will now say to him, *opus hic est linatulo et politulo judicio tuo*, we have again need of his favourable and discriminating judgment. The good-natured reviewer, in noticing our letter-writer's *Ne quid nimis*, says, 'A pun worthy of the miseries of human existence, rather than confirmatory of the Trollopean remarks, which, *inter alia*, have given so much offence to certain of the natives, though, from their own countrymen, the evil habit (spitting) is proven to exist; and we may exclaim with Shakespeare, (see his tragedy of *Pizarro*, *passim*!'"

"'Tis true, 'tis spiteful 'tis spiteful 'tis true."

This is a bright scintilla to burst from the thick air of London, and said in quite a pleasant way. Touching this foul matter of spitting, we admit, *plene, absoque condicione et pactione*, that in some places south of Mason and Dixon's line, it exists almost as an epidemic; but in other parts of the United States the cases are only sporadic, as in Britannia Magna herself. We could, if we would, tell such a tale about hawking, spitting, blowing of noses, and other agreeable tricks played on our presence by a decent-looking Cockney, as we were travelling with two ladies in the inside of a mail-coach between Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, as would cause our transatlantic friend to make a wry face; but we will not, for fear he should think us *spitful*. It is a mistake to suppose that Americans generally have been irritated by the remarks made on their peculiarities by the Trollopes, Hamiltons, Hals, & *id genus* oners. The literary tribe, whose bristles have become perpendicular at these harmless and sometimes useful strictures, are an irritable genus, and do not represent truly the feelings of Jonathan, who resembles his cousin Bull in possessing a good fund of fundamental honesty; and, moreover, a superstructure of shrewdness entirely his own, which teaches him sometimes to swallow *some faces*, a bitter pill to cure his own disease. Spitting and swearing are nearly out of fashion in Philadelphia; and, at this moment, we cannot recall to our recollection more than two or three gentlemen, and they are in the sear and yellow leaf, who would think of such a thing as spitting on the carpet of a lady's drawing-room; so that the race is almost extinct here, like that which formerly asked a second time for soup at a dinner-party."

But these quotations are only the externals of a very amusing little volume; and if our friends 'tother side the water' were pleased by our remarks on their former publication, we can only say that we like this as well; and we hope they will as well like our opinion of it.



*Thoughts on the Colster and the Crowed.* Pp. 111. (London, H. Wils.)—Old Montagu has not much to answer for, if his example only led to such productions as the present. A series of brief passages of interest: we select from among others more trite and questionable, the following specimens of the whole:—

"It is quite impossible to understand the character of a person from one action, however striking that action may be. The youngest mathematician knows that one point is insufficient to determine a straight line, much less any thing so curve-like as the character even of the most simple and upright of mankind. If you are obliged to judge from a single action, let it not be a striking one. . . . The total failure of many a scheme, arises from the apparent certainty of its partial success. . . . Some people are too foolish to commit follies. . . ."

The world would be in a more wretched state than it is at present, if riches and honours were distributed according to merit alone. It is the complaint of the wisest of men, that he 'returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.' But if it were otherwise, if bread were indeed the portion of the wise, then the hungry would have something to lament over more severe even than the pangs of hunger. The belief that merit is generally neglected, forms the secret consolation of almost every human being, from the mightiest prince to the meanest peasant. Divines have contended that the world would cease to be a place of trial, if a system of impartial distribution according to merit were adopted. This is true, for it would then be a place of punishment." In conclusion, the author has read and thought, and his reader may be taught to think while he peruses these pages.

*Ben Brace*, by Capt. Chamier. 2d edition. 3 vols. 12mo. (London, Bentley).—We entered so fully into the merits of this work, that we have now only to congratulate the writer on his success. There are three very clever etchings by Cruikshank added to the attractions of "The Last of the Agamemnon." As a sort of sea-monster curiosity, we will add the amusing preface to this edition.

*Greenwich Hospital, March.*—Sir, As it's blowing great guns and small arms, top mauls and marling spikes with their points downwards, I've got snug in my own cabin, and am about to tell you what I think of my Life. I'm much obliged to you, sir, that's what I am—because I think it was my duty. A man that has served under Nelson is somebody, even now, when sailors drink tea, except in pipes: smoke is all they have now—the navy's all smoke, from the marine's trousers, fresh pipe-clayed for Sunday's muster, to the top of the cook's funnel. There's one of those *Revolving* chaps—he must be a soldier from the name—says he can't find any thing new about Nelson in my Life; tell him to look again—there's more new yarns, and true ones, about Trafalgar than ever he read before or ever will again, without they copy my Life. Well, I've something more to say, which is this—and I'll run it off the red thread the line is wet. My wife and I had a rumpos about the book, because, when it came down to Greenwich, every mother's son and daughter in the place got a look at it. Bless you, the copy we asked for at Greenwich is so worn out, that you must send a Second Edition, as they call it in the Library—Well, that's not it either, but this is it—because my old wife was steering along by the gates, up gets a cloud of young ones and gives her three cheers. She thought it was a mobbing her—so she comes home and swears she'll trip her anchor and be off to Exeter. I told her she had better 'clear her' before she catted her anchor—and she'd have plenty of time to pass the messenger, for the roadstead was good, and the ground made for holding. She pays no attention to this, but she packs up for a full due, and says she, 'Ben, you'll come with me, won't you now?'—So says I, 'Ma'am, I'm blessed if I do—all the world come down to see me, and I shall wait at home to receive them. What! Ben Brace out of Greenwich Hospital!—never! Here I am—here I'll stick; and if any body wants to see me, if I'm out—a-walking they've only got to ask any body for Ben, for I'm in all their memories—as my Life has been in all their hands.—Lord love you, sir! if ever you wants a pipe and a pot of porter, or feel inclined to splice the main brace on a Saturday's night, make sail here,—and as long as I live, so long you shall have a hearty shake of the flipper, from your very humble servant, BEN BRACE.

"To the Gentleman who wrote my Life."

*Peter Parley's Tales about England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.* (London, Tegg.)—An admirable child's book, in which the clever Peter Parley visits many interesting parts of the British empire (either personally, or from accounts of what is to be seen. The scientific addenda, though useful, are not precisely Parley English, Irish, Scotch, or Welsh; seeing that barometers, thermometers, steam-engines, &c., &c., are now tolerably common in other countries.

*A Manual of Roman Antiquities*, by T. S. Carr, one of the Classical Masters in King's College School. Pp. 457. London, Cadell; Longman and Co.; Rivingtons, &c. &c.—This is an exceedingly well connected and useful manual, which the compiler has skilfully and judiciously adapted for reference and instruction to the middle classes in schools, and those above them. He seems to have consulted the latest authorities which have thrown light upon the antiquities of the Romans; and, notwithstanding the excellence of the last edition of Adams, has produced a

work which may well go side by side with that justly valued original.

*Eight Sermons addressed to the Royal Regiment of Artillery, Woolwich*, by the Rev. W. H. Henslowe, M.A., &c. &c. Pp. 104. (London, Hatchard and Son.)—It seems that the preaching of these sermon-essays, as the writer demonstrates them, and especially the fourth and seventh, caused the preacher to be superseded. We shall not enter into the controversy, but must remark that topics are discussed such as are rarely, if ever, introduced into the regular pulpit.

*Hand-book for Travellers on the Continent, being a Guide through Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Northern Germany, &c.* &c. Pp. 473. (London, Murray; Paris, Gallani; Leipzig, Black and Armstrong.)—With a good map, this is a capital guide. A man may traverse half the Continent of Europe by it, without asking questions; and when he returns home, and relates his sight-seeing, not be vexed to hear that he has missed some of the most interesting.

*Lectures of Runnymede*, pp. 234. (London, Macrone.)—These powerful and eloquent political epistles have appeared in the Times newspaper during the session of Parliament, and are now collected in a more tangible form. They have created so much sensation, that we (avoiding politics) need hardly say they are of high Conservative principles, and are ascribed to the pen of Mr. D'Irrell, jun.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RUPPELL'S LOST EFFECTS FOUND, BUT NOT RESTORED.

ON the 17th of June, 1834, the Russian brig *Dimidoff*, Captain Georgio Rudelich, was stranded on a shoal on the French coast, near St. Valery, not far from the mouth of the Somme, so that it could not be got afloat again, and all that could be done was to endeavour to save as much as possible of the cargo. That enlightened traveller in Egypt and Nubia, Dr. Edward Ruppell, had some chests on board this ship: they contained, among other things, a very fine telescope by Frauenhofer, in Munich, a most accurate sextant, by Schmalkalter, in London, and other valuable astronomical instruments, which he used in his many years' travels. They contained also part of the fruits of his travels, rare specimens of natural history, which he intended for the Senkenberg Museum, at Frankfurt, and Egyptian antiquities for the public library of his native city. Among the latter, which were partly of the finest workmanship, and extraordinary rarity, was a sphinx of red granite, between three and four feet long, founded by the Egyptian King Osorgion; a figure of a priest, standing about a foot and a half high, upon the dedication of an obelisk; an Egyptian sepulchral monument, &c.; also a number of scarabæi, enamels, and other smaller objects; together with a number of gold coins. Our traveller recovered only a small portion of these articles; all the rest, it was affirmed, had been lost in the sea. This differed widely from the first intelligence received from one of the consuls at St. Valery, that the chests which were saved were partly, at least, in good condition; but it was very strange that the articles sent to Frankfurt were, on the one hand, but little damaged by the sea-water, and, on the other hand, altogether of very small value. Thus, a small chest, which Dr. Ruppell had carefully secured in one of the larger ones, came in good condition to Frankfurt, but plundered of all that part of its contents which was valuable: thus, of three large Egyptian scarabæi of hard stone, the two were missing which were distinguished by beautiful hieroglyphics engraved on them; whereas the third, which was of less importance, was there. Thus, throughout, every thing that was of pecuniary value, as well the antiques as the astronomical instruments, seemed to have been carefully taken out, and no part came into the hands of the lawful owner. On his complaining of this disagreeable circumstance in a letter to Abbeville, he was called upon by the French board of customs, to lay before the procureur du roi the proofs of these depre-

dations. This summons he has, indeed, not complied with, nor could he do so; for how should he, who, when the ship was lost, was at the other side of the Alps, be able to prove depredations, if the authorities on the spot, under whose eyes the goods were saved, and who were afterwards rewarded for their care by the Emperor of Russia, could not prevent them? Dr. Ruppell has, indeed, never thought of having recourse to legal measures to recover his property, though he knows very well, for instance, in whose hands the Frauenhofer telescope is, which was so useful to him in Africa. The whole affair had been given up to oblivion, when a notice in the French papers, that in June, last year, some Phœnician antiquities had been found on turning up the ground, near the mouth of the Somme, reminded Dr. Ruppell of the loss he had sustained at that spot. But what was the astonishment of himself and his friends, when, on the 9th of December, last year, the president of the Société Royale d'Emulation, at Abbeville, sent him, as a scientific novelty likely to interest Mr. Ruppell, on account of his studies in this department, a lithographic print, all the objects represented on which he immediately recognised to be taken from the antiques which he lost on the stranding of the *Dimidoff*! On this print there is a certificate of the president of the society, that the antiques represented on it were discovered on the 12th and 13th of June, 1835, at Noyelles, five feet under ground. Though the cheat who, in some way or other, must have been concerned in the matter, can no more be pointed out than the original thief, it seems necessary to make these facts known for the sake of truth, and thereby to spare antiquaries from being involved in inextricable difficulties, because, out of ignorance, some glass-coins, with Coptic inscriptions of the 14th century, which were packed up with Dr. Ruppell's collection of Egyptian antiquities, are announced to have been discovered at the same time, and, as well as the others, are represented in the print as Phœnician antiquities! May this affair, which is now cleared up, serve as a warning to antiquaries against similar deceptions practised by impostors.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

As this meeting, so important to the interests of science, commences its proceedings on Monday week at Bristol, we presume our readers will be gratified to learn what arrangements have already been made to give it all the efficacy and éclat which have attended the preceding assemblages. These we have the pleasure to lay before the public.

The activity of the officers and local council of the Association has been put to the trial of supplying, in a provincial city, the means of entertaining that great body of men of science who have now passed through the splendid hospitalities of four universities, and have to perform an equally useful, and perhaps not less brilliant, course among the other cities of the empire. Originating in York—a body of 350 zealous men—the British Association now contains ten times that number of members; and it is probable that on no future occasion can it be safely calculated that less than 1000 or 1200 persons will assemble at any meeting. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to know that the beneficent visits of the Association may be looked for in many of our provincial towns, where the wealth acquired by industry will be dispensed with liberality in entertaining the

lovers of science. It is found that Bristol will furnish, with respect to rooms and other accommodation, all that can be reasonably desired, while the established reputation of her scientific institution, the beauty and interest of the neighbouring country, the proximity of the mining tracts of Cornwall, Wales, and Shropshire, &c., assure a numerous meeting of men really interested in theoretical and practical science.

The sections will be opened on Monday, the 22d of August; and the Council House has been fixed upon as the station where the members may be furnished with their tickets, on any day after the 15th of August. Candidates for admission must apply at a room of inquiry near: in this room arrangements will be made for answering all questions relating to lodgings, ordinaries, hours of meetings, &c. On the Members' tickets a plan of the situation of the sectional rooms will be engraved.

The General Committee will meet on Saturday, the 20th of August, to receive reports, and issue instructions for the conduct of the meeting. The evening meetings will be in the theatre—a room of sufficient dimensions, and so conveniently fitted as to accommodate at least 1600 persons with seats, exclusive of the gallery which communicates with the other parts of the house. The voice of even feeble speakers will be effective in this room. Ladies' tickets will be issued (to a limited number) for the evening meetings.

Persons who propose to offer communications to the sections should give notice of their intention to the general, local, or provisional secretaries at Bristol. All written communications should be sent to the provincial Secretary of the section to which they are offered. We understand that many of the former recommendations of the committees of the Association will be answered by the production, at this meeting, of reports and researches undertaken at the request of the Association.

#### Officers of the Association for 1836.

President—Marquess of Landowne. Vice-Presidents—Rev. W. D. Conybear, Mr. J. S. Harford, Dr. Prichard. Secretaries of the Bristol Meeting—Mr. Hovendon, Dr. Daubeny. Treasurer of the Bristol Meeting—Mr. G. Bengough. General Secretaries—Mr. Bailly, Rev. W. V. Harcourt. Assistant General Secretary—Professor Phillips. General Treasurer—Mr. J. Taylor.

#### Provisional Secretaries of Sections.

- A. Mathematical Science—Mr. F. Gerrard.
- B. Chemistry—Mr. W. Herapath.
- C. Geology—Mr. William Sanders, Mr. Stutchbury.
- D. Zoology and Botany—Dr. Riley, Mr. Rootsey.
- E. Medicine—Dr. Symonds.
- F. Statistics—Mr. C. B. Fripp.
- G. Mechanical Arts—Mr. Bunt, Mr. West.

The Ordinary will be provided in the large room of the Horticultural Society, where 500 persons can dine conveniently. It is probable that this number may be collected every day, provided the leading members make a point of attending; and we hope they will do so, for the incessant occupation in which they are involved, leaves them few other opportunities of joining in friendly and familiar intercourse with their less distinguished brethren. With great pleasure we have learned that many of the earliest friends of the Association—who were present at its birth, and helped it into existence—have announced their intention of being present at the Bristol meeting; and there seems to be no doubt that among the numerous assembly will be found a fair proportion of the scientific strength of our country. Many foreigners of distinction are also expected.

#### THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

[THOUGH the public is acquainted with the main features of the late lamentable catas-

trophe which has befallen the expedition, we are sure the following particulars will be read with no common feelings of interest. They are from an officer of great intelligence, to whose friendship we are indebted for the relief of strong personal apprehensions.—ED. L. G.]

You will have had the news of the loss of the Tigris steamer long ere this reaches you. Still a little detail may not be unwelcome.

The navigation of the river was carried on in the upper and more difficult part by sending boats forward one day's journey, whose duty it was to sound and survey at the same time, always returning pilots to both steamers; but, from the castle of Erabar below Balis, this system was discontinued on account of the great increase of facilities which the river offered to navigation. The Tigris, which drew one foot less water than the Euphrates, used, from the time we started together, to hold precedence; while the diving bell and flat boats were always sent off some hours previous to our starting. Under this happy organisation the navigation and survey of the river were both carried on at the same time with greater despatch and sufficient accuracy of detail, and the towns of Deir, Abou Serai, Mayerthein, were made places of friendly visitation, and the interesting sites of Thapsacus, Racca, Zenobia, Cercusium, and Salahiyyat were examined, and, until the 21st of May, not an incident had occurred to throw a film upon the enthusiasm which dwelt in every bosom, or over the excitement of a first navigation of a splendid river, passing through a country so little known.

On the day above mentioned the two steamers had left a wood station near Salahiyyat early in the morning, and proceeded in the usual order of succession down the river. Near mid-day the Euphrates approached the Tigris, where the commander of the expedition had, for the time being, taken up his abode to announce that her supply of wood was nearly exhausted. A few minutes afterwards some wood was observed piled upon the river's banks in the neighbourhood of an Arab village, and the steamers were brought round to try and make a purchase. This was accordingly effected; the Arabs were found willing; and in the interim of shipping the wood the crew had their dinners. It was about two o'clock when we again started in our course, the Tigris as usual leading the way. We had scarcely attained the second reach from our wood station—the cliffs and ruined castles of Cersate and Esra were before us—when a dense black cloud was observed moving across the desert from the west-north-west, and advancing in the teeth of the wind; as it approached it was found to consist in its base of huge lurid brown and red coloured masses of dust, which succeeded one another rapidly, breasting the wind in their onward progress and rising to a great height.

The Tigris made signals to bring to; and, taking advantage of a bank to the left, brought her head round. All was then calm. The Euphrates followed in her wake, and also brought her head round to the current, and approached the bank immediately behind the Tigris. At this moment the storm came down upon us, a dust and flower-impregnated hurricane. Both vessels were thrown against the bank with violence, the Euphrates at a more acute angle than the Tigris. In a moment her anchor was overboard, and all hands at the chain cable. The Tigris was less fortunate; the same gust taking her in her stern, threw the head outwards; one man alone had time to get ashore, when she hurried past, during

the very thickest of the storm. The wind blew with a velocity which threatened destruction to every thing; the rain fell in torrents, the atmosphere was dark as midnight; and the river foamed with the fury of the tempest. About 800 yards below, she made another attempt to bring her head to the wind, but she took in water forward, and already began to sink at the bows. The helm was hard up; still she could not be brought to answer the call. The crew had been forced by the encroaching waters to the aft deck. Lieutenant Lynch reported her sinking; still nobody thought of quitting her. It was momentarily expected that she would ground and all hands would be saved; but the water continued to gain upon them, and officers and men were nearly up to their waist before they left the steamer, at a time when the storm was so dark that the river's bank, scarcely forty yards off, could not be distinguished. Much loss of life ensued from so many people leaving the vessel at the same time; those who could not swim, or had got entangled, endeavouring to obtain assistance by laying hold of the more active swimmers. It pleased Providence that a few out of the number of gallant beings wrecked in that day should reach the land, and among them our spirited commander, Colonel Chesney; with him, also, and much exhausted, came Lieutenant Lynch, Mr. Eden, R.N., Mr. Thomson, and Dr. Austin Staunton, and a few others. Among the lost were Lieutenant Cockburn, R.A., a truly amiable and excellent young man; Captain Lynch, of the Indian army; Mr. Yneof Saader, the interpreter; Corporal Clark; Mr. Struthers, engineer; four gunners of the Royal Artillery; one private of the Royal Sappers and Miners; five seamen, and five natives—in all twenty persons.

An accident of this kind gave an opportunity for the display of much of that steadiness of conduct, which is almost a national characteristic. There was no anxious hurry; no precipitate acts, loud acclamations, or unnerved despondency. Every little act of duty was performed with alacrity and cheerfulness; and there was, throughout, that self-possession and intrepidity manifested, which takes away even from the horror of death.

An Almighty power, dispenser of all good and of all evil, was not forgotten. The life of so many of our companions had been taken away in a far-off land, on a Saturday. On the next day, Maltese, and even some Mussulmans, assembled at Divine service, when that beautiful and cheering portion of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, which has been introduced into our burial service, was read by Captain Estcourt. The next day, having descended the river lower down, we were enabled to pay the last attentions to Mr. Saader; and, in the evening, the body of Moore floated up to the steamer. It was the same thing at Anara; and this almost momentary renewal of these melancholy scenes placed our commander, who has always risen in energy with every great difficulty, under most trying circumstances, which have, indeed, occasioned no small portion of regret to us all.

It will be observed, that this disastrous accident has no more reference to the question of the navigation of the Euphrates than the loss of a steamer in the Long Reach of Gravesend would have with the navigability of the Thames. The existence of hurricanes in the Desert has been known since the days of Xenophon; but, certainly, although Colonel Chesney was once before upset in a small boat,

the extent of their power was not anticipated. It is to be remarked, that the oldest inhabitant on the banks did not remember one of so violent a character; and it is the same at the town of Annab.

With the exception of this event, the navigation of the Euphrates had commenced under the best auspices, and was going on most favourably. Deposits of lignite coal have been ascertained; wood abounds on the banks; nothing is wanted to propel the vessels which the country does not furnish at the most trifling expense. The Arabs have been courteous, civil, and well-intentioned, although not to be trusted by solitary travellers. The officers and crew here enjoy a degree of uninterrupted health, which was previously unknown among us; and the warmest feeling of friendship cemented the little band.

The survivors of the loss of the Tigris are on their way home; the expeditionists who still remain with the Euphrates are yet full of confidence and hope. Nothing, indeed, at this season of the year can be more clear or evident than the free and facile navigation of "the Great River." It would, then, be an injustice, of which I hope our country is incapable, to decide prematurely upon a question yet in abeyance; as it would be ungrateful to the commander, who has suffered so much in the cause which he has espoused, in any way to interfere to prevent the happy remuneration of his labours in a summer of content, which has made its way through a rough and rude spring full of clouds and rain.\*—Dated *Annab*, on the *Euphrates*, May 28.

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN MINING.

Much curious information was afforded at a meeting of the shareholders of the West Cork Mining Company, held on the 3d instant at Salvador House, in the City, as to the manner in which the Danes obtained their copper at the time they frequented the British Islands. This was done by sinking shafts, or pits, of a few feet in depth, and applying the action of fire to the lode of ore in order to its fusion in the earth. In the workings of the company at Horse Island, in the county of Cork, several of these shafts have been explored; and, from the richness of the ore, and the extent of the lode, which is about 15 feet wide, it is evident that the knowledge of the Danes in mining operations was upon the most limited scale. The lode discovered in the largest excavation is composed of a slaty substance, intermixed with fluor spar, and abounds with an infinite number of small veins of the richest ore, so that it is scarcely possible to strike a pick into any part of the lode without finding the precious metal. It runs nearly due east and west; which, with other concomitant circumstances, is a pretty sure criterion of its continuance. The specimens raised from the shafts of which we have spoken, and which were produced at the meeting, were chiefly crystallised copper, and it was stated that a quantity was about to be shipped for Swansea, when its richness in bulk would be satisfactorily ascertained. Some very curious hammers and other instruments have been found, and also several brass pans. There are various traditions in the country as to these shafts, and which, together with the circumstances here mentioned, would lead to the conclusion that they are even of an earlier date than the Danish period assigned to them. It is a historical fact, that the Carthaginians worked the tin mines in Cornwall. The Notium of

Ptolemy, or Mizen Head,\* is but a few leagues distance from Horse Island; and as the whole district, of which that island forms part, is one bed of mineral riches, it is not likely to have been overlooked by that enterprising people. Another copper mine is now in work by the company, distant three miles from Horse Island, where the ore which is raised is also of an exceeding richness; and which, upon assay, has been found to contain 35 per cent of pure copper. The place where this mine is situated, is called Ballydehob, or, in Irish, the Town of Gold. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the meeting separated highly satisfied with the state of the Company's affairs, and an unanimous vote to that effect was passed. We, in common with all who desire the improvement of Ireland in particular, as a main feature of national welfare, wish well to the prosperity of an undertaking which must needs, in its operations, largely benefit the surrounding population, by furnishing employment and adequate remuneration. Such we have ever maintained would be the best remedy for the evils which afflict this superb island.

Since writing the above, we have had laid on our table, and now before us, a sample of Mineral from what is called the Danish shaft, on Horse Island, assayed by Messrs. Johnson and Sons at their Assay Office, and certified by them to have produced the extraordinary result of sixty-nine per cent of pure copper, and about fifty-four ounces of fine silver, in the ton of ore. The latter, even independently of the former, is so important, that, if the mass holds out in any proportion like it, we shall only say, several foreign mines will require little further experiment on their products.

#### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AUG. I. W. W. Saunders, Esq. vice-president, in the chair.—Various donations of books were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the several donors thereof. Specimens of stems of asparagus were exhibited attacked by the larva of *Crioceris asparagi*, a small beetle, which has this season been exceedingly abundant, and which has committed considerable injury in some of the market-gardens round London, and especially at Sion House. The secretary read an extract from a letter from William Spence, Esq. F.R.S. &c. giving an account of the destruction of elm-trees in the public walks of Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne, by the *Scolytus destructor*, and upon the measures which had been taken by the public authorities of those towns, at his suggestion, for destroying the insect and preventing an increase of the mischief. He also called the attention of the meeting to the great injury caused by the same insect to the elm-trees in Kensington Gardens; on the south side of which a great number of trees had been completely killed, the bark being bored through with an infinite number of their burrows. He considered it the duty of the Society to direct attention to this evil, which was rapidly spreading around London, and especially along the western road. The only memoir read contained descriptions of various new exotic insects, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. Several other communications were made to the Society by other members.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### MANUSCRIPTS OF ROGER BACON.

Paris, August 7, 1836.

MR. COUSIN yesterday made a verbal com-

\* The Lizard Point, on the Cornish coast, was the Ocrinum of the same geographer; and all around, the mines of Cornwall were wrought by the enterprising Phœnicians.—Ed. L. G.

munication to the Academy of Moral and Political Science, stating that he had just discovered some MSS. of great importance towards the history of the scholastic philosophy. They are the MSS. of the renowned Roger Bacon, a celebrated philosopher of the thirteenth century. He was a Franciscan monk, born in England, but passed almost all his life in France. He lived in the Convent of the Cordeliers; and he there suffered a long imprisonment, by order of the general of the Franciscan. This circumstance led Mr. Cousin to conjecture that there might be in France some MSS. of Roger Bacon, notwithstanding the silence of Montfaucon and other bibliographers. He has caused search to be made at Douay and St. Omer, where there were formerly English colleges. This search has proved successful. Hitherto we were acquainted only with the first letter addressed by Roger Bacon to Clement IV.; and which Bacon has entitled *Opus Majus*. Clement IV. patronised Bacon, and had asked him for some information respecting the state of learning in the thirteenth century. Having received no answer to his first letter, R. Bacon drew up a second essay, which he addressed to the pope under the title of *Opus Minus*. These cond letter remaining unanswered like the first, Bacon revised his work, and addressed to the pope a third letter, which he called *Opus Tertium*. The *Opus Majus* was published at London in 1820. There is in England a copy of the *Opus Minus*, and it has hitherto been supposed, that there was no other. Mr. Cousin has just discovered at Douay a MS., which contains a considerable fragment of it. He does not think the work to be of much importance. It is not the same with the *Opus Tertium*, which may be considered as the last work of Roger Bacon, and of which Mr. Cousin has just discovered a MS., which is the only one in Europe. He has, besides, very recently discovered at Amiens, another MS. of Bacon's, of which nobody expected the existence. It is "Questions on the Physics and Metaphysics of Aristotle." These three MSS., on which Mr. Cousin is preparing a memoir, will throw much light on the history of scholastic philosophy; and we shall learn whether Roger Bacon really was, as has been affirmed, the inventor of the telescope, the microscope, and gunpowder; a question which it has hitherto been impossible to decide, for want of authentic documents.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THE KAYSER'S THREE QUESTIONS.

From Burger's Ballads.

'Tis a right merry tale of the old German day,  
Of a kayser so wilful, so wanton and gay,  
And an abbot as stately as stately might be,  
And his shepherd, the wisest, shame on't, of the three.

The kayser through heat and through cold  
stoutly went,

And often lay harness'd all night in his tent;  
On black broth and black puddings could  
cheerfully sup,

Without bread to his table, or wine to his cup.

Better fared the proud abbot, by night and by day

So richly he fed, and so softly he lay;

Like the full moon, his comely round visage

gleam'd out, [compass about.

O'er a paunch which three men scarce could

'Twixt this kayser and abbot full oft was there

strife— [soft life.

Ill brook'd the stern soldier the churchman's

\* We rejoice to see that Parliament has granted a further sum of 6000*l.* to the expedition.—Ed. L. G.



Now, it chanced, in the noon of a hot summer's day,  
When the kayser rode forth with his warlike  
His knights and his nobles, the abbey he past;  
And a glance and a scowl on the abbot he cast,  
Who, in the wide bounds of that abbey so fair  
('Twas St. Gall's lordly abbey), was taking the air.

"Well met, man of God!"—and straightway  
To his side,  
With flout and with jeer, does he scoffingly  
"At fasting and prayer, 'faith, none now need  
repine,  
Who sees how they make godly faces to shine.  
Yet, methinks, 'twere small damage, if I,  
to beguile  
From these saintly labours thy thoughts for a  
A task on thy wisdom and wit should now lay,  
Who, of all men alive, art the wittiest, they  
say.

Three nuts to thy reverend teeth, then, I give,  
In three months to crack them; or else, as I  
live,  
Unfrock'd, on an ass, shalt thou ride round the  
land,  
And hold for a bridle the tail in thy hand.

First, when I shall sit, in full hall, on my  
throne,  
With all my rich gawds, with my sceptre and  
Then shalt thou appraise me, both fairly and  
well,  
And my price, to a farthing, to me shalt thou  
Next, sure to so learned a clerk but a jest,  
I make it my sovereign command and behest,  
That thou, to a second, compute and decide  
The time in which I round the wide world may  
ride.

And thirdly, thou must, and that right to a  
hair,  
My thoughts at the moment I ask thee declare;  
If thou'rt right I will frankly confess it, in sooth,  
But of all I then think not a thought must be  
truth."

The kayser, loud laughing, rides back to his  
train,  
And leaves the lord abbot to cudgel his brain;  
And his brain, by'r lady, he cudgelled and  
hang'd,  
Looking much like a catiff about to be hang'd.

Universities three he called in to his aid,  
And doctors of faculties largely he paid;  
But though widely he scattered his silver and  
gold,  
Not a man might the kayser's three riddles un-  
The months shrunk to weeks, and the weeks  
shrunk to days,

And the abbot around him did wistfully gaze;  
Ere the term be expired, can there no one be  
found  
Who the kayser's hard questions may rightly  
expound?

Worn down to a shadow, his rubicund face  
Pale with watching and musing, he seeks a lone  
place,  
His fate to bemoan; where, by good luck, he  
found  
His shepherd, Hans Bendic, outstretch'd on the  
"Holy father! what ails thee?" dismay'd at  
the sight,  
Cries Bendic, "I'm moved to behold thy sad  
Saints! that ever ill fortune or loss should  
befall

My master, the abbot of lordly St. Gall."  
"Ah! little reck'st thou," the sad abbot replies,  
"Honest Hans, the sore burden upon me that  
lies

The kayser, our liege lord, hath set me a task,  
Which to deal with, Beelzebub's cunning might  
ask.

First, when in full hall he shall sit on his throne,  
With all his rich gawds, his sceptre and crown,  
I am then to appraise him, both fairly and well,  
And his worth to a farthing to him I'm to tell.

Next, and this to my clerkship he swears is  
a jest,  
He makes it his sovereign command and behest,  
That I to a second compute and decide  
The time in which he round the wide world  
may ride.

And, thirdly, I must, and that right to a hair,  
His thoughts at the moment he asks me declare;  
If I'm right he will own it—but, then, in good  
sooth,  
Of that he then thinks not a jot must be truth.

"No more!" cries Hans Bendic, "by the rood,  
then, there's hope,  
If thou'lt lend me thy hood, and thy crosier  
Cheer up! Though of Latin he knows ne'er a  
line,  
Hans Bendic the kayser's three knuts shall

For gladness the abbot leap'd up like a roe;  
To the court did Hans Bendic full willingly go,  
Trick'd out, like a prelate of lordly degree,  
With cape, cap, and crosier, most gorgeous to see.

There sate the proud kayser on high on his  
throne,  
With his royal apparel, his sceptre and crown:  
"Now tell me, lord abbot, now tell me, I pray,  
My worth in thine eyes, to a farthing, this day."

"For thirty poor pieces Christ Jesus was sold,  
To rate thee aught higher methinks were too  
bold;  
Twenty-nine silver pieces thy worth I declare,  
Nor will grant a doit more to thy chiding or  
prayer."

"Thou art right," quoth the kayser; "though  
never till now,  
My princely estate did I value so low;  
'Tis a thought which should humble all pomp  
and all pride;

But come—no delay—the next question decide:  
To an hour and a second the time I would know,  
In which I round the world on my good steed  
may go.

Such reckoning, I trow, to a clerk is a jest—  
If not, 'tis my sovereign command and behest."

"'Tis a question, my liege, framed to puzzle the  
wise,  
And yet I dare promise," keen Bendic replies;  
"That if on your horse you ride round with  
the sun,  
In just twenty-four hours your course shall be

"Ha!" shouted the kayser, "St. Jude! we  
should speed,  
If on ifs and on buts we our horses could feed;  
The man, by my troth, who such fodder found  
out,  
To gold, if he pleased, could have turned our

But now, sans an if or a but, thou must tell  
My thoughts at this moment—and look to it  
well;  
For the ass is awaiting, that thee through the  
land,  
If thou errest, shalt bear with his tail in thy

"That I am St. Gall's lordly abbot, thou  
deem'st."  
"Right," answer'd the kayser; "such surely  
thou seem'st."

"'Tis false then, my liege, and I tell thee no  
lie,  
When I tell thee, Hans Bendic, his shepherd,

Upsprung then the kayser, and wonder-struck  
cries,  
"What! may we not trust to our own princely  
Is it not, then, St. Gall's lordly abbot we see?  
Marry, so from this hour shall all men call thee."

"Nay, nay," quoth the shepherd, "my liege  
lord, not so,  
Since no line, or of brevior or mass-book, I  
And he who with Latin my gray head should  
din,  
Small thanks for great pains, from Hans Ben.

"Thou art right," said the prince, "yet  
'twere meet at my hand,  
Fit guerdon for this day's good sport thou  
Crave boldly some boon, for I swear to fulfil,  
By Mary! thy wish, be that wish what it will."

Answer'd Hans, "Since with gifts thou needs  
must repay,  
The sport which my poor wits have made thee  
The boon that I crave, it is this, and no more,  
That thou frankly, my master, to favour re-  
store."

"Well said, honest fellow, full clearly we see  
That thy heart with thy head doth in sound-  
ness agree;  
Thou shalt in broad lands thy due recompense  
take,  
And we pardon the abbot, thy lord, for thy  
Free from scath or disgrace, let what will  
befall,

He shall live the lord abbot of wealthy St. Gall,  
His vigils and prayers we no more will molest,  
Till he pass like all saints to his heavenly rest."

#### DRAMA.

*English Opera-house.*—The *Mountain Sylph*  
has been revived, with Miss Shireff as *Eolia*;  
and we need not add, that nothing can surpass  
her song in beauty and feeling. *House Room*,  
a new farce, has also been produced; in which  
Wrench, *Major Slenderpurse* is in his Je-  
remy Diddler glory. The whole is a most  
lively and laughable concern.

*The Strand* makes no alterations, and needs  
none. *The Bill-sticker* rises in popularity;  
and, in truth, for those who love burlesque  
acted to perfection, we could recommend  
nothing better than *Hercules*, except *Othello*.  
Mr. Hammond grows upon the London audi-  
ences, as he has made them acknowledge his  
talent, and, consequently, feels his power to  
please more certain of producing its effects.

*The Colosseum*, with its varied entertain-  
ments, also continues to afford great pleasure  
among the few places of public amusement now  
open for our recreation. On Tuesday next,  
we see, *Braham ipse* is to augment the attrac-  
tions, by appearing as *Tom Tug*; but then it  
is for the benefit of that gifted creature, Miss  
Allison, whose own acting in *Have you seen*  
*my Parly*, is quite sufficient for a bumper, to  
encourage her in her youthful but most promis-  
ing professional efforts.

#### VARIETIES.

*Persian Princes.*—Our notice of the por-  
traits of these interesting personages and their  
secretary, last week, was more hurried and  
short than the subject deserved; and it is  
curious to remark the difference between Turk-  
ish and Persian feelings in this respect, as  
alluded to in another of our Varieties. These  
royal youths are the first of their dignity who  
have ever visited England; another indication  
of the great changes operating in our times.  
At *Mivart's Hotel* they seemed quite at home,

however; and to delight as much in his little Fountain Court as if they had been in the gardens of Shiraz, where Hafiz sung. They are about to return to Persia, we believe, and if they carry away as good impressions of our country as Minasi in these portraits has preserved of them, there will be nothing to regret in their long journey to see a land so strangely unlike their own.

**Right Hon. H. Ellis.**—And connected with this, we rejoice to observe, that Mr. Ellis, already so highly esteemed in our literature, has arrived at Constantinople, in his way home from his important embassy to Persia. We hope that, besides the national political benefits which we learn his diplomacy has secured, we may look for an accession of no small interest to our literary stores from his justly admired pen.

**The Poor Ladies,** after being mocked with the belief that they were to be admitted to witness the efforts of members in the House, have been balked at the last moment on the money-vote for 400*l.* to provide for their accommodation. The numbers were 42 for petticoats, 28 against them. *Aprons*, we trust, nevertheless, that the subscription for a piece of plate to their champion, Mr. Berkeley, will go on; and at least a silver jug reward his gallantry. The author of "Berkeley Castle" has, we see, had enough on his hands; first assailing and thrashing a publisher, and then fighting the writer of a magazine article. Fire and fury! one feels hardly safe amid such *mêlées*.

**Record Office.**—The House of Commons have voted 34,000*l.* for the expenses of the Record Office during the ensuing year.

**School of Design.**—For the establishment of a School of Design, in connexion with manufactures, 1500*l.* were voted; a beginning which, if well carried on, will probably lead to valuable results.

**British Museum.**—After some remarks, 9250*l.* were also voted to defray the purchase of the Dutch etchings, which we recently described and recommended in the *Literary Gazette*; some vases bought in Paris; and the MS. Bible lately offered for sale at Mr. Evans's. This is as it should be, were it only ten times as much.

**Steam Intercourse between England and India,** by way of the Red Sea, has recently been discussed by friends to a regular establishment of packets in this way, and Sir John Hobhouse on the part of government. To us it appears marvellous, with such an empire at such a distance, and such wealth and enterprise in the mother country, that every possible means of rapid and frequent intercourse should not be tried.

**Immense Lobster.**—The *Brighton Gazette* mentions a lobster caught on that coast, of the extraordinary weight of 9*l* lbs. It was a yard long, from the extremity of the feelers to the extremity of the tail; 22 inches from the nose to the tail; 16 inches round, and the claws 6 inches long and 9 in girth.

**Fossil Remains.**—The perfect impression of a fish, 27 inches long and 13 broad, has been found 20 feet down in the freestone quarry of Claghennie, near Edinburgh. It appears to be regularly mailed over like the crocodile, and is a remarkably fine specimen of a species yet to be ascertained.

**Discouragement of Art.**—A letter from Constantinople, in the *Times* newspaper, states, that great popular discontent is excited in Turkey, by the encouragement given to painting by the Grand Signor. Our readers are aware, that portraiture has always been deem-

ed sacrilegious in Moslem countries; and it has only been, in secret, that likenesses of Sultans and Sultanas have been taken and preserved. The present ruler, it seems, has gone openly into this, among other Christian and European customs; and thus given great offence to the strictly religious and bigotted portion of his subjects.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**M. Paul de Kock.**—We have just received the following letter, touching an author whose concerns must interest and be the concern of every literary person. We therefore present it to our readers:—"Sir, by a judgment of the *Cour Royale* of Paris, a tedious and expensive lawsuit, in which M. Paul de Kock was, in the first instance, successful, has been unexpectedly decided against him; and that celebrated author is not only reduced to sudden destitution by the costs of the award, but, in being forbidden the right to publish a complete collection of his numerous Works, deprived of the hope to repair his loss from the resources of his own industry and genius. Under circumstances so cruel and unforeseen, and in the full reliance both on the generosity of the British public, and the sympathy which unites the cultivators of literature in either country, it is proposed to open a subscription at Messrs. Ramsay's, Pall Mall East, on behalf of the Smollet of France. I am, &c., A. C. de O'Orsay."

It does Count D'Orsay great honour to have taken the lead in this matter; and we beg to assure him of our hearty co-operation in promoting the laudable object he has in view.—Ed. L. G.

**Mr. T. Noble** has issued a Prospectus of Recollections and Reflections of a Public Writer in his sixty-fifth year; and urges old age, infirmities, and want, as strong pleas for encouragement.

**Mr. Bentley**, we observe, has announced Memoirs of the late Baron Rothschild, with a portrait.

Also, by Mr. King, the Naturalist, who accompanied Captain Back; a Narrative of the Voyage to the Shores of the Polar Sea, with the Natural History attached to it.

Major Skinner's Adventures during his Travels overland to India.

### In the Press.

Sayings worth Hearing; and Secrets worth Knowing; partly original, and partly selected. Illustrated by Cruikshank, and the late Robert Seymour.—British Flora Medica. Part V. By B. H. Barton, and T. Castle.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Diary, Correspondence, &c. of Sir H. Slingsbury, of Scriven, Bart., 1638-1645, by the Rev. D. Parsons, 8vo. 1*l.*—Popular Surgery: from the French of M. Maygrier, with Notes and Additions, by T. Cutler, M.D., fcap. 8vo. 4*s.*—The Practical Anatomy and Elementary Physiology of the Nervous System, by F. le Gros Clark, post 8vo. 3*s.*—Four Letters to the Chairmen of the Agricultural Committee, by A. Mundell, Esq. 8vo. 2*s.*—Hand Book for Travellers on the Continent, post 8vo. 10*s.*—Life of Black Hawk, a Narrative of the Voyage to the West, by R. N. Gresley, royal 8vo. 1*l.*—Christian Responsibility, by John Thornton, 18mo. 1*s.*—The Confessions of Guido Sordelli to Silvio Pellico, post 8vo. 13*s.*—On Deformities of the Chest, by William Coulson, post 8vo. 3*s.*—The Biblical Companion, by W. Carpenter, 4to. 1*l.*—The royal 8vo. 1*l.*—Walker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, new edition, by Bickersteth, 8vo. 12*s.*—An Apology for Millenarianism, 8vo. 6*s.*—The Danube, from Ulm to Vienna, by J. R. Planche, 12mo. 6*s.*—Bishop Bethell on Regeneration in Baptism, 8vo. second edition, 7*s.*—The Church and Dissent considered, by Edward Ostler, fcap. 8vo. 2*s.*—The Lyrical Constellation, by C. D. Sillery, 18mo. 2*s.*—Ascension, a Poem, by Richard Johns, 12mo. 3*s.*—Scripture Doctrines illustrated, by Mrs. Stevens, 12mo. 3*s.*—Dean Comber's Friendly Advice to Roman Catholics, new edition, by W. F. Hook, 12mo. 3*s.*

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 4	From 33 to 71	29.76 to 29.63
Friday 5	56 to 67	29.69 to 29.95
Saturday 6	54 to 73	30.02 to 30.06
Sunday 7	46 to 70	30.11 to 30.09
Monday 8	50 to 72	30.08 to 30.09
Tuesday 9	44 to 69	30.11 to 30.11
Wednesday 10	42 to 70	30.11 to 30.10

Prevailing winds S.W. and N. by E. Generally clear, except the 4th and 5th. A few drops of rain on the morning of the 4th.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude . . . . . 51° 37' 32" N.  
Longitude . . . . . 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We noticed the Althorp Picture Gallery in the first instance merely as a poem; in the second case, as connected with the fine arts.

### ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSE OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

### BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.  
The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by ancient Masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, including Two of the celebrated Murillas from Marshal Soult's Collection, which His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has most liberally allowed the Directors to exhibit for the benefit of the Institution, is open daily, from Ten in the morning till Six in the evening, and will be closed on Saturday, the 27th instant.

Catalogue, 1*s.* Admission, 1*s.*  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

### SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT

of British Art.—The Subscribers are informed that the following Distribution of the Pictures purchased this Season was made by lot on Saturday, the 6th of August, at 3 o'clock, in pursuance of the Notice previously given:

No. 15. The Thames at Northfleet, by A. Vickers	R. Ford, Esq.
30. Cavern at Sorrento, by W. Havell	R. Jennings, Esq.
41. Watting Place, Morning, by G. Barrett	Jno. Howard, Esq.
57. Street Scene, France, by W. A. Wilton	H. Mackenzie, Esq.
151. Nespolitan Peasants, by H. Howard, R.A.	Alaric Watts, Esq.
154. Gipsy Scene, Hampstead Heath, by F. Nash	H. Davidson, Esq.
190. Quay at Dublin, by J. Cresswick	Thos. Hunt, Esq.
232. River Scene, Moonlight, by E. Childie	O. E. Johnson, Esq.
257. Edinburgh from the Sea, by W. A. Knell	Thos. Borroughs, Esq.

### TO BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

To be Disposed of, the Business of a Bookseller, Stationer, and Librarian, in one of the principal Sea-port Towns in England. The situation is the best in the place; the premises desirable and in perfect repair; the rent moderate, with a prospect of soon being much less. The incoming, including Good-will, Stock in Trade (which is modern and in excellent order), Fixtures, Lease, &c. 2000*l.*; a part of which, if desired, may remain for a time on security; or the Stock and Fixtures may be taken at a valuation, and a sum paid for Good-will, as agreed upon. Satisfactory returns will be given for the present proprietor leaving; and no applications will be attended to without real name and address.  
Direct (post-paid) to J. F. G. No. 39 Paternoster Row, London.

### CAUTION TO BOOKSELLERS, COLLECTORS, &c.

W. KIDD hereby cautions the Town and Country Trade, Collectors, and the Public generally, against being misled by the answers almost invariably given in the vicinity of Paternoster Row, to inquiries for his publications. He begs to say, that they are not any of them "Out of Print;" and that, being stereotyped, they may be had at any time, and in any quantities, by application at the Office, as above, or of W. Kidd's Agents, R. Greenbridge, 3 Finnerley Alley, Paternoster Row; G. Mann, 39 Cornhill; and J. Eames, 7 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

N. B. W. Kidd's Catalogue of more than 800 New Publications is just ready, and may be had Gratis.

### MR. MARTIN'S NEW PLATES.

Just published,—"The Death of the First-Born," and "The Destroying Angel," same size as "Belshazzar's Feast." Price, Frodo, Five Guineas; Print, Two Guineas and a Half. The Prints are now ready.  
30 Allop Terrace.

### THE STAFF OF THE DUKE OF WEL-

LINGTON. Mr. Heaghy's GRANT of the Duke of Wellington and his Generals, previous to going into Action, &c. Engraved by the late J. Anker Smith, A.R.A. from a Picture painted expressly for His late Majesty George IV., for the stipulated sum of Fourteen Hundred Guineas.

The original Picture, from which the Plate was engraved, may be seen at No. 6 Pall Mall.  
Price, India Paper Frodo, with the Key-Plate, 6*s.* 6*d.*  
London: Hodgson and Graves, Printers to the King, 6 Pall Mall.

### MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSO-

CIATION AT BRISTOL, 1836.  
JAMES WATTS, deems it necessary respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry who propose to honour him with their patronage during the ensuing Meeting of the Association, that he has made arrangements in every department of his Establishment, to meet the increased demands of his patrons at this period, and render their visit free from the annoyances generally attending so numerous an assembling in a provincial city, as that anticipated on the present occasion. The spacious Hall, 82 feet by 32, will be fitted up for the reception of Dinner-parties; *à la fourchette*, &c., in addition to the existing accommodations. His selection of Wines, Liqueurs, and Comestibles, he confidently hopes, will insure him a continuance of those favours for which he begs to offer his grateful acknowledgements.

### MUSIC.

### THE SINGING MASTER

Containing Instructions for teaching Singing in Schools and Families.—The Notation of Music.—Fundamentals of the Science of Harmony.—and a Selection of Popular Airs, arranged as Songs, and also Harmonised for Three Voices, as Glee, or Short Choruses; Adapted, with suitable Verses, for the Use of Children, and Young Persons of different Ages. Price 6*s.*  
E. Wilson, Royal Exchange; and J. Hart, Music-Seller 109 Hatton Garden.

## CATECHISMS of MUSIC by HAMILTON.

Thorough Bass, 3d edition, 9s. Key to Ditto, 1s. 6d. Counterpoint, and Melody, 2s. Double Fugue, 2s. The Art of Writing for an Orchestra, and playing from a Score, 2s. Ditto, for the Organ, 2s. Ditto, Violin, 1s. Ditto, Violoncello, 1s. Ditto, on Singing, 2s. A new Musical Grammar, 4s. A Dictionary of One Thousand Musical Terms, 2s. Forwards principles of singing, and Singing at Sight, each 9s. Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music, 3d edition, 1s. Forde's Essay on the Key in Music, 6s. James's Word or two on the Flute, 6s. Ditto, Catechism for the Flute, 1s. Ditto, for Guitar, 1s. Hamilton's new Method for the Piano, 3s. Clare's Psalmody, 3s. And Albrechtsberger's Complete Theoretical Works of about 1000 pages, 2s. 2s.

London: Published by R. Cooks and Co., 30 Princes Street, Hanover Square. Sold by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

## SOUTHGATES' ROOMS.

## Valuable Collection of Books.

By MESSRS. SOUTHGATE AND SON,  
AT THEIR WEEKLY SALE-ROOMS,  
22 FLEET STREET,  
THIS DAY.

Among which are, in Folio, Description de l'Egypte fait pendant l'Expedition de l'Armée Française, 8 vols. and 8 vols. of Plates; Cooke's Hogarth; Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 4 vols.; Dance's Portraits, 2 vols.; Roy's Military Antiquities; Duncan's Censar; Clarke's Works, 4 vols. In Quarto, Rees's Cyclopaedia, 45 vols.; Encyclopedia Metropolitana, 15 vols.; Neale's Gentlemen's Seats, 5 vols.; Scott's Field Sports, 2 vols.; Malcolm's Persia, 3 vols.; Warton's Athenae Oxoniensis, 4 vols.; Evelyn's Sylva, 2 vols.; Folke's Colins. And in Octavo, Bloomfield's Norfolk, 11 vols.; Martin's British Colonies, 5 vols.; Scott's Prose Works, 22 vols.; Barbauld's Novels, 50 vols.; Pope's Works, by Roscoe, 10 vols.; Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 4 vols.; Oratores Attici, 10 vols.; Napier's Peninsular War, 3 vols.; Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, 4 vols. 1. p.

## Oriental Books, Persian Manuscripts, Hebrew and Latin Lexicon in MS. &amp;c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, AND  
FOLLOWING DAYS,

Collection of Fine Engravings,  
Drawings, and Paintings.

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 23d, AND  
FOLLOWING DAYS.

Extensive Collection of Copper-plates,  
Copyrights, Books in Quires,  
Remainders, &c.

Among which are, The Stafford, Grosvenor, Leicester, and Miles's Galleries; Brookshaw's Pomona; Holiar's Large View of London in 1667; lithographed by Martin; Loebian and Brown's General Atlas; Walker's Classical Atlas; Cardonell's Scottish Coinage; Porter's Travels; Williamson's Field Sports; Butler's Hudibras; Pryn's Pains; English's Isle of Wight; Smith's Italy; Watt's Gentlemen's Seats; Middiman's Views; Hoare's Wiltshire, 2 vols.; Gallery of Nature and Art; Burney's Music; Girardin's Portraits; Taylor's Short Hand; Malton's Perspective; Garroch in the Country; after Hogarth, by J. G. the Steel Plate and Stock; Turner's Views in Yorkshire; Otley's History of Engraving; Siege of Gibraltar, and Norrie from Gibraltar, the Copper-plates by Sharp, with remaining impressions.

## The Stereotype Plates,

And Stock of Leigh Hunt's London Journal, 3 vols. folio; Buxiana, 5 vols.; Egan's Life in London; Egan's Finish; Various Valuable Works in Quires, &c.

Catalogues nearly ready.

Money advanced upon Duplicate Portions of Bookseller's Stock, upon Libraries, and Literary Property in general.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Conduit Street, August 1836.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S  
MEMOIRS.

By HIMSELF.

II.  
Memorials of Mrs. Hemans.

By H. F. Chorley, Esq.

III.  
Cromwell; a Tragedy. The Duchess de la Vallière; a Play.

By R. L. Bulwer, Esq.

IV.  
Mr. Midshipman Easy.

By Captain Marryat.

V.  
The Desultory Man.

By Mr. James.

VI.  
A New Novel by Miss Mitford.

VII.  
The Floral Telegraph; a System of Flower Signals.

Agents, J. Cumming, Dublin; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

Conduit Street, August 1836.

Nearly ready, editions in French and in English.

PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S  
MEMOIRS.

Written by HIMSELF.

The Prince having appointed Messrs. Saunders and Otley, of Conduit Street, Hanover Square, to be the publishers of his work in England, France, and America, they have made arrangements for its instantaneous appearance in London, Paris, and New York. The French corrected by the Prince; the English translated under his superintendence.

Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

Mr. James's New Work.

Nearly ready, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

## THE DESULTORY MAN.

By the Author of "Richelieu," "The Gipsy," &c.

Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street.

On Monday the 13th, will be published in 3 vols. 8vo.

A HISTORY of the LIFE of EDWARD  
the BLACK PRINCE, and of various Events connected  
therewith, which occurred during the Reign of Edward the  
Third, King of England.

By G. F. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Conduit Street, August 1836.

Messrs. Saunders and Otley's Monthly List of New Publications.  
TALES of the WOODS and FIELDS.

3 vols.

II.  
Inklings of Adventure. 3 vols.

By N. P. Willis, Esq.

III.

Madrid in 1835.

By a Resident Officer. 2 vols.

IV.

William Hazlitt's Literary Remains. 2 vols.

V.

Sir Grenville Temple's Travels in Greece.

2 vols.

VI.

Adventures in the North of Europe.

By E. W. Landor, Esq.

Fesp 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A POPULAR ACCOUNT of the PUBLIC  
and PRIVATE LIFE of the ANCIENT GREEKS;  
intended chiefly for the Use of Young Persons.

Translated from the German of HEINRICH HASE.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In 3 vols. 8vo. with Map and Plates, price 1l. 4s. in extra cloth boards.

TWELVE LECTURES on the  
CONNECTION between SCIENCE and REVEALED  
RELIGION; delivered in Rome.

By N. WISEMAN, D.D.

Principal of the English College and Professor in the University of Rome.

The following are the Heads of the Subjects treated:—  
Vol. I. Lectures I. II. Comparative Study of Languages—  
III. IV. Natural History of the Human Race—V. VI. Natural  
Sciences; Medicine, Geology.  
Vol. II. Lectures VII. VIII. Early History; Indians, Egyptians, &c.—IX. Archaeology, Medals, Inscriptions, and Monuments—X. XI. Oriental literature; Sacred and Profane—  
XII. Conclusion.

London: Joseph Booker, 61 New Bond Street.

8vo. 1s. 6d.; bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

## A S C E N S I O N.

By RICHARD JOHNS.

"Much vigour in this poem. Gives glimpses of other climes and subjects connected with them which possess greater novelty than is common with the generality of the poetical productions of the day."—*Literary Gazette*.  
"Contains many beautiful stanzas. More real poetry than many of the butterfly-bound volumes of the day. It is a work we can conscientiously recommend."—*News and Sunday Herald*.

Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Royal 8vo. with Plates, 10s. plain, and 12s. coloured.

ILLUSTRATIONS of TEETHING;  
or, a Treatise on the Progress and Shedding of the Human  
Teeth, to the completion of the permanent set; showing the  
Causes of the Irregularity and Decay of the Teeth; and the  
means most appropriate to their Preservation. To which are  
added, Plates illustrative of the growth and Shedding of the  
Primary teeth, and the progress of the second dentition; thus  
enabling parents and guardians easily to direct the teething  
from infancy to manhood.

By R. MACLEAN, Dentist.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.

To Surgeons, Druggists, Surgeon Dentists, and their Apprentices.

Price 6s.

MAGNOCOPIA; a Practical Library of  
Profound Knowledge, communicating the general  
Minute of Chemical and Pharmaceutical Routine; together with  
the generality of secret forms of preparations; including concentrated  
solutions of camphor and opium in water, mineral succedaneum, marmaratum, silica, terro-metallicum, pharmaceutic condensations, prismatic crystallisation, crystallised  
aromatic salt of vinegar, soda, Seltzer, and all spa waters, for bottling  
without the use of machinery, newly invented writing fluids,  
etching on steel or iron, with an extensive variety of ceters.

By W. BATEMAN,

Chemist to the late King.  
London: John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho.

Works of General Interest.

Recently published by Whitaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.  
In 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations of interesting Localities and  
Costumes, and with a new Map of Germany, price 2s. cloth,  
lettered.

SKETCHES of GERMANY  
and the GERMANS; with a glance at Poland, Hungary,  
and Switzerland, in 1834, 1835, and 1836.

By an ENGLISHMAN, Resident in Germany.

II.

2d edition, in 2 vols. post 8vo. price 1l. 11s. 6d.

Gilbert Gurney.

By the Author of "Sayings and Doings," "Love and Pride," &c.

III.

4th edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 12s. cloth, with a Map of  
Ireland, and Chart of the Shannon.

Ingles's Journey throughout Ireland,

During the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1824.

IV.

2 vols. post 8vo. price 18s.

Lowenstein, King of the Forests. A Tale.

By the Author of "Two Years at Sea."

V.

2d edition, in 8vo. with 16 highly finished Wood Engravings,  
by Baxter, cloth, lettered, price 16s.

## A History and Description of Modern Wines,

With considerable Improvements and Additions; comprising  
the latest Parliamentary Reports on French Wine, and other  
Statistical Information; and a new Preface, developing the Sys-  
tem of the Port Wine Trade. By Cyrus Redding.

VI.

New edition, illustrated by numerous Woodcuts, in the highest  
style of the art, by Baxter, in 3 vols. half-morocco, cloth, 3s.

Our Village.

Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.

By Mary Russell Mitford.

VII.

New and enlarged edition, in post 8vo. with beautiful Woodcut  
Vignettes, by Baxter, in cloth, 7s. 6d.; and also handsomely  
bound in Turkey morocco, with gilt edges, 12s.

The Book of Family Worship.

Consisting of a Four Weeks' Course of Prayer, and Prayers suitable  
to the Festivals of the Church, and other solemn Occasions;  
together with general Prayers for the Clergy, King, Clergy,  
Wives, Husbands, Children, Friends, &c. and general Benedic-  
tions. By the Editor of "The Sacred Harp." To which are  
added, "Jeremy Taylor's Sacramental Meditations and Prayers."

VIII.

New edition, in 3 vols. 12mo. 91s. cloth.

A Dictionary of English Quotations from the  
British Poets.

Part I. Shakespeare.—Part II. Rhyme.—Part III. Blank Verse.

IX.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. 12s. boards.

## A Dictionary of Foreign and Classical

Quotations,

With English Translations, and illustrated by Remarks and  
Explanations. By Hugh Moore, Esq.

X.

In 1 vol. 12mo. 7s. 6d. boards, the 9th edition, revised and  
improved.

Macdonnell's Dictionary of Latin and French  
Quotations.

To which are added, many with a Gloss, Spanish, and Italian  
Languages. Translated into English, with Illustrations.

XI.

In 1 vol. foolscap 8vo. illustrated by a View of the Poet's Cottage  
and other Embellishments, in cloth, price 7s.

## The Rural Muse; Poems.

By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant,  
Author of "The Village Minstrel," "The Shepherd's  
Calendar," &c.

XII.

The 3d edition, royal 18mo. price 6s.

My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and  
Austrian Dungeons.

By Silvio Pellico. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.

XIII.

## A General Biographical Dictionary.

By John Gorton.

A new edition, brought down to the present time.

2 large vols. 8vo. 5l. 2s. cloth, lettered.

XIV.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. with a Map, and View of Algiers,  
price 21s. cloth.

Algiers, with Notices of the Neighbouring  
States of Barbary.

By Percival Barton Lord, M.D. M.R.C.S.

Of the Bombay Medical Establishment.

XV.

In 2 large vols. 8vo. price 30s.

## The History of Italy,

From the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement  
of the Wars of the French Revolution.

By George Percival, Esq.

XVI.

New edition, post 8vo. with a Map, price 9s. cloth.

A Personal Narrative of a Tour through  
Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

By H. D. Inglis.

Author of "Ireland in 1830," "Spain in 1830," &c.



## MARTIN'S COLONIAL LIBRARY.

Just published, fcap 8vo., price 6s. cloth lettered,

## HISTORY OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

COMPRISING

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, MAURITIUS, SEYCHELLES, &c.  
FORMING VOL. III. OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL LIBRARY.

Illustrated with Engravings and Maps. Forming a popular and authentic description of the several Colonies of the British Empire, and embracing the History, Physical Geography, Geology, Climate; Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms; Government, Finance, Military Defence, Commerce, Shipping, Monetary System, Religion, Population—White and Coloured, Education and the Press, Emigration, Social State, &c., of each Settlement; founded on Official and Public Documents, furnished by Government, the Hon. East India Company, &c., and dedicated, by express command, to the King.

By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Esq., F.S.S.

Each volume forms a complete work of itself, is issued periodically at intervals of not less than two months, and the whole work will not exceed twelve volumes. Foolscap 8vo., and illustrated by original maps and frontispiece.

Already published,

Vol. I. The Canadas, Upper and Lower.

Vol. II. New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, Swan River, and South Australia.

Vol. III. The Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Seychelles, &amp;c.

Preparing for publication,

The West Indies, East Indies, &amp;c.; Africa, &amp;c.; Nova Scotia, &amp;c.; Gibraltar, &amp;c.

Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria Lane.

## PETER PARLEY'S TALES ABOUT GREAT BRITAIN.

In an elegant Volume, 16mo., printed by Whittingham, and embellished with One Hundred and Thirty Engravings on Wood, price 7s. 6d. in Ornamental Boards, or 12s. in Turkey Morocco.

**PETER PARLEY'S TALES** about ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, and WALES, written in a Popular Style, and embracing Interesting Personal Adventures, which afford both Amusement and Instruction. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg and Son, Wholesale Booksellers, Chesapeake; T. T. and H. Tegg, Dublin; R. Griffin and Co., Glasgow; also, James and Samuel Tegg, Sydney and Hobart Town.

## NEW SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Small 8vo. price 9s. 6d. cloth, lettered,

**POPULAR MATHEMATICS**; being the First Elements of Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry, in their Relations and Uses.

By ROBERT MUIRE.

II.

## The Grammatical Spelling-Book.

In royal 18mo. price 1s. 6d.

Containing a Vocabulary of Words from One to Seven Syllables, inclusively, arranged in their grammatical order, and accented and divided into Syllables, in accordance with the natural Method of Pronunciation.

London: Orr and Smith, Paternoster Row.

In 12mo. price 6s. 6d.

**NOMENCLATOR POETICUS**; or, the Quantities of all the Proper Names that occur in the Latin Classic Poets, from a.c. 100. to a.c. 800, ascertained by Quotations, including Examples of every Species of Metre used by them.

By LANCELOT SHARPE, M.A.

Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman; and Whittaker and Co.

Price 8s.

## A SERIES OF PRACTICAL SERMONS.

By the Rev. C. BRADLEY,

Vicar of Glasbury.

Printed for Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster Row.

By the same Author,

Sermons preached at Clapham. 4th edition, 10s. 6d.

Sermons preached at Glasbury. 6th edition, 10s. 6d.

Sermons preached at High Wycombe. 10th edition, 2 vols. 21s.

Psalms and Hymns, selected for Public Worship. 3d edition, 2s. 6d.

## THE LATE MAJOR RENNELL'S WORKS.

In 8vo. with a Series of Charts, price 3l. 3s. 6d. (dedicated, by special permission, to His Majesty).

**AN INVESTIGATION OF THE CURRENTS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN**, and of those which prevail between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic. By the late Major JAMES RENNELL, F.R.S. Lond. and Edinburgh. Formerly Surveyor-General of Bengal.

Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,

1. The Geographical System of Herodotus Examined and Explained. New edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Maps and Portraits, 1l. 8s.

2. A Treatise on the Comparative Geography of Western Asia. In 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.; or with Atlas, 1l. 16s.

DEATH DISARMED of his TERRORS;  
a Course of Lectures preached in Lent, 1836.

By the Rev. R. C. COXE, M.A.

Minister of Archbishop Tension's Chapel, Regent Street; and formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

In 12mo. price 2s. 6d. in boards,

## DEVOTIONS for FAMILY USE.

By the Rev. CHARLES GIRDLESTONE, M.A.

Vicar of Sedgley, Staffordshire. London: Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and sold by J. H. Parker, Oxford; H. C. Langbridge, Birmingham; and all other Booksellers.

By the same Author, uniformly printed with the above,

Devotions for Private Use, price 2s.

In small 8vo. price 6s. in boards, a new edition of

THE PROTESTANT'S COMPANION;  
or, a Seasonable Preservative against the Errors, Corruptions, and unfounded Claims of a Superstitious and Idolatrous Church.

By the late Rev. C. DAUBENEY, LL.D.

Archdeacon of Sarum, and Fellow of Winchester College. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, by the Rev. H. W. B. Daubeneey, B.A. Curate of Godey, Somerset. Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

In 8vo. price 7s. 6d. the 2d edition, revised, of

## A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOCTRINE

of REGENERATION in BAPTISM.

By the Right Rev. CHRISTOPHER BETHELL, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Bangor. Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

In 8vo. price 9s. boards,

## A VIEW OF THE CREATION of the

WORLD, in illustration of the MOSAIC RECORD.

By the Rev. CHARLES JAMES BURTON, M.A.

Vicar of Lydd, Kent; and late Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

For Schools and Young Persons.

## LETTERS to a YOUNG NATURALIST,

on the Study of Nature and Natural Theology.

By J. L. DRUMMOND, M.D.

With Cuts, 3d edition, 9s. boards.

First Steps to Botany.

Intended to lead to its Study as a Branch of General Education.

By J. L. Drummond, M.D.

With Cuts, 3d edition, 9s. boards.

Outlines of History.

From Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia." 6s. 6d. bound.

Conversations on Botany.

With 22 Engravings, 8th edition, 7s. 6d. plain; 12s. coloured.

First Principles of Arithmetic and Geometry, explained in a Series of Familiar Dialogues, adapted for Preparatory Schools and Domestic Instruction. With copious Examples and Illustrations. By the Rev. Dr. Lardner, LL.D. 18mo. 5s.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

Price 2s. or 2s. 6d. with the Key,

## MENTAL EXERCISES for JUVENILE

MINDS.

By ELIZA WAKEFIELD,

Authoress of "Five Hundred Charades on Geography,"

History, and Biography.

The authoress of the above little work having been many years engaged in instruction, has had constant opportunities of experiencing the interest evinced by her pupils, in having the means of exercising their mental powers in the object of research; and more particularly when given as recreations after the more solid and necessarily studious employments.

Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Mr. Macrone has just published the following New and Standard Works:—

## THE LETTERS of "RUNNYMEDE."

1 vol. post 8vo.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

II.

The 2d edition of Mr. Charles Dickens'

Sketches by "Boz,"

With Sixteen Graphic Designs by George Cruikshank.

III.

Germany in 1831.

By John Strang, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. fine Plates.

"A work of great value, and interesting throughout."—*Athenæum*.

IV.

The Court and Camp of Carlos.

By Michael Burke Homan, Esq.

"Vivid and picturesque as one of Scott's romances."—*British Messenger*.

V.

Pencilings by the Way.

By N. P. Willis, Esq.

The 2d edition, very considerably enlarged.

VI.

My Note-Book.

By John MacGregor, Esq.

"Unrivalled in its sketches of men, manners, and scenes on the continent."—*Westminster Review*.

VII.

Italy and Switzerland.

By Commissary-General Thomson.

"For the traveller a more excellent guide could not be adopted."—*Literary Gazette*.

VIII.

The Inquisitor.

In 1 vol. post 8vo.

Letitia Ritchie's New Romance.

IX.

The Magician.

"We cordially and unaffectedly recommend this exquisite romance."—*Globe*.

X.

Allan Cunningham's New Historical Romance.

Lord Roldan.

"We leave this admirable production with regret. It will richly repay a perusal."—*Court Journal*.

XI.

A 4th edition, complete in 1 superb vol. of

Rookwood.

"On such a work it is now superfluous to comment. Its embellishments alone are worth double the cost of the volume."—*Herald*.

XII.

New Novel by the Author of "Cavendish,"

The Priors of Prague.

"The best of Mr. Neale's highly popular works."—*Sun*.

XIII.

Price 4s.

Caius Marius; a Tragedy.

By Thomas Doubleday, Esq.

John Macrone, St. James's Square.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. 81s.

**ILLUSTRATIONS of the HISTORY of the SIXTEENTH and SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.** Translated, by Lord FRANCIS EGERTON, M.P. from the German of FREDERIC VON RAUMER.

Also,

Raumer's Letters from England.

2 vols. post 8vo. 36s.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Ninth edition, thoroughly revised, augmented, and corrected, in the course of several Journeys made by the Authoress in person, with an entirely new Map, post 8vo. stoutly bound, 15s.

## MRS. STARKE'S TRAVELS in

EUROPE, for the Use of Travellers on the Continent,

and complete Guide for Italy and Sicily.

Also, just published, in a pocket volume, post 8vo.

**A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent**; being a Guide through Holland, Belgium, Northern Germany, and along the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Fcap 8vo. with Woodcut Illustrations, price 6s.

## THE BOOK of TABLE-TALK, VOL. II.

forming part of the Library of Anecdote and Table-Talk. I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come, in time, to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connexion, and illustration, and all these arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, we may be long in getting them, and get but few in comparison of what we might get."—*Dr. Johnson (Boswell's Tour)*.

Vol. I. was published on the 1st of June, Price 6s. London: Charles Knight and Co. 25 Ludgate-street.

8 New Burlington Street, August 13, 1836.

## MR. BENTLEY'S LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Portraits,  
**SIR WILLIAM WRAXALL'S**  
**POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN TIME.**  
 NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait,  
**THE LIFE OF THE FIRST**  
**EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.**  
 By Dr. KIPPIS, &c.  
 From Original Documents in the Possession of the Family.  
 Edited by the Author of "Memoirs of Lord Bolingbroke."  
 NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Second Edition, revised and corrected.  
 In 3 vols. small 8vo. with Portrait of the Author,  
**A PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY**  
**LAND, &c.**  
 By A. DE LAMARTINE.

New Work by the Author of "A Year in Spain."  
 In 2 vols. post 8vo.  
**SPAIN REVISITED.**  
 By the Author of "A Year in Spain," &c.

NEW WORK EDITED BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N.  
 Second Edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo. with Nine Characteristic Illustrations,  
**RATTLIN THE REEFER.**  
 Edited by Capt. MARRYAT, R.N., C.B., Author of "Peter Simple," &c.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.  
**THE THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S**  
**LIFE.**  
 By Mrs. ELTON SMITH.

Lady Charlotte Bury's New Work.  
 In 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**THE DEVOTED.**  
 By the Authoress of "Filtration," &c.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.  
**WOOD LEIGHTON;**  
 Or, a Year in the Country.  
 By MARY HOWITT,  
 One of the Authors of "The Book of the Seasons."

THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S NEW WORK.  
 In 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**BERKELEY CASTLE: A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.**  
 BY THE HONOURABLE GRANTLEY BERKELEY, M.P.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILOT," &c.  
 In 2 vols. post 8vo.  
**EXCURSIONS IN SWITZERLAND.**  
 By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., Author of "The Spy," "Last of the Mohicans," &c.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S NEW WORK.  
 In 3 vols. post 8vo. with Fifteen Characteristic Engravings,  
**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF**  
**JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW;**  
 OR, SCENES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.  
 By the Author of "Domestic Manners of the Americans," "Paris and the Parisians in 1835," &c.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, WITH GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S ILLUSTRATIONS.  
 In 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**BEN BRACE, THE LAST OF NELSON'S AGAMEMNONS.**  
 By Captain Chamier, R.N., Author of "The Life of a Sailor," &c.

Also just ready,  
 MAJOR SKINNER'S NEW WORK.  
 In 2 vols. post 8vo. with Portrait of the Author, &c.  
**ADVENTURES DURING A JOURNEY OVERLAND TO INDIA;**  
 By Major SKINNER, Author of "Excursions in India," &c.

COMPANION TO THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.  
 Complete in 1 vol. neatly bound and embellished, price 6s.  
**M. R. JAMES'S 'DARNLEY;'**  
 OR, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.  
 FORMING THE NEW VOLUME OF THE STANDARD NOVELS AND ROMANCES:

Which now comprises Works by,  
 Hope, Beckford, Cooper, Bulwer, Hook, G. P. R. James, Morier, Miss Austen, Godwin, Mrs. Brunton, the Misses Lee, Banim, Madame de Stael, Mrs. Inchbald, Manzoni, Chateaubriand, Mrs. Shelley, Galt, Mrs. Gore, Gleig, Misses Porter, Grattan, Trelawney, Horace Walpole, Maxwell, Washington Irving, Brockden Brown, M. G. Lewis.

Any Volume, containing a complete Work (in all but four instances), may be had separately, price 6s.

RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington Street, (Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty).

LONDON: Published every Saturday, by WILLIAM ARMIGER SCRIPPS, of Number 13 South Molton Street, in the Parish of Saint George, Hanover Square, and County of Middlesex, at the LITERARY GAZETTE OFFICE, Number 7 Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.—Agent for Paris, G. W. M. Reynolds, Librairie des Brongniart, 35 Rue Neuve, St. Augustin.  
 Printed by JAMES MOYES, of Number 11 Brook Green, Hammermith, in the County aforesaid, Printer, at his Printing Office, Number 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square, in the aforesaid County.